CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 118,000.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Read notice in Publishers' Column, 5th page.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1891. NUMBER 46.

Poetry.

INTRY-MINTRY.

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering, came,
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seems to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Aha, but the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent glee.
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told this rhyme at counting out:
"Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest?"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day.
'Twas Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there:
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport with them went he—
How could the children have been afraid,
Since little they recked who he might be.
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumbling that curious nonsense rhyme
Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey, corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,
And joy of summer—where are they?
The grim old man still stands near
Chiming the song of a far-off year:
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by their mournful requiem,
Soothed by the dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it counted them.—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chanting the homely nursery rhyme
He learned of the children a summer morn
When, with "apple seed and apple thorn,"
Life was full of dulcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven anear—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bessie, Georgie and May.
—[Gene Field in Chicago News.

TO MY MOTHER.

Since thou didst pass, beloved, to thy rest,
Long years ago, one constant hope has filled
My longing heart—its first wild anguish stilled;
That we shall walk again in regions blest,
With all the old sweet human love unchilled.
By time or absence; but to-day opprest
With fear I shrink; from dreams like this I see
Friends reunited here too oft awake,
Each life so altered to a different key,
That only harsh and bitter discords break
From voices once attuned to harmony;
What if it should be so with thee and me?

Ah no! ah no! the tender smile that made
The sunshine of my happy youth appears
Across the mists of intervening years,
And comforts me—I am no more afraid!
What though my voice be hoarse and choked with tears—
What though my wayward footsteps may have strayed—
Heaven has not changed thee. Thou wilt find it sweet
Again to teach the faltering lips to say
"Our Father;" and to guide the trembling feet,
With gentle hand, along the shining way,
Till thou canst cry with joy, "Behold, O Lord,
The child Thou gavest me, to Thee restored!"
—[J. H., in Overland Monthly.

TO A FLIRT.

You vowed you loved me, but your eyes
Said just the same to dozens,
The inside of your low replies
Was heard by several cousins.
Forgive me if I could not cope
With charms so comprehensive;
And scarce believed a love whose scope
Was really too extensive.

Man loves as men loved in old times,
And as in legends and in rhymes,
We celebrate a maid in rhymes,
Is that too old a story?
But still man loves one girl alone,
And flies when he discovers—
That maybe thought was all his own,
Has half a dozen lovers.

You sighed and said that you felt hurt,
And prettily you pouted,
When angrily I called you flirt,
A fact I never doubted.
And yet such wheedling ways you had,
Man yielded willy-nilly;
And half your swains were nearly mad,
And all of us were silly.

Youth's first illusions fly apace,
And now one man confesses
He scarcely can remember still your face,
Or color of your dresses.
And whether you were false or true,
Or what fate followed after,
Remembrance only keeps of you
The echo of your laughter.
—[London Punch.

A SHAME.

She has been to Saratoga and to Fort Ticonderoga,
Where they charge for breathing just about two dollars every breath.
She has visited the mountains and has drunk from healing fountains
Whose sulphuric odors make you think of something after death.

In white flannels and merino she was seen at the Casino,
Where her beauty was admired, and the costume that she wore
In the surf at Narragansett served to very much enhance it
Till the button-pressing kodak fiends were all along the shore.

On the Richfield lawns she flirted with th young men flannel shirted,
And her dancing was delightful at the German or the hop;
Now she's back home in the city, and it really is a pity
That, in spite of all, she didn't get a single man to pop.
—[Utica Observer.

Miscellany.

ROBBING THE BANK.

"Will she die, doctor?"

"I hope not; but we can't tell anything about it yet."

"Poor thing! she must have suffered terribly. Her face is badly bruised."

"It isn't that so much as the nervous shock. You see, her whole nervous system is in a terrible condition. She can't sleep, and these convulsions are reducing her life forces."

"I don't see how young Pitt got along as well as he did. He doesn't seem to be hurt much."

"No, not half as much as he deserves, if what I hear is true."

"Why, what do you mean? I thought he deserved great credit for resisting the robbers and helping Miss Grant to escape."

"I suppose he does, if he really did resist the robbers. But some folks think he was an accomplice in the crime."

"Oh, that can't be. Pitt is one of the finest young men in Waterville. He is incapable of

JESSIE GRANT FOUGHT BRAVELY.

such a crime. No, sir; he never knew anything about it until the robbers broke in on him and Miss Jessie. And then I'm sure he did all he could to resist them until he was overpowered."

"Well, we can only wait developments. But I must say I have my suspicions," added the sagacious old doctor.

What was the occasion of this conversation? Nothing more nor less than the robbery of the bank in Waterville two days before. The village had been in an uproar ever since. Young Pitt and Miss Grant, who were employed in the bank, had been seized and gagged and left half dead in the inner room, while the robbers had secured about $40,000 of gold and bills and made their escape. Finally Pitt had managed to release both Miss Grant and himself and get out and give the alarm.

Great was the excitement which followed. Men ran this way and that. Officers started in pursuit. The wildest rumors gained currency. All business was suspended. Poor Jessie Grant, who had fought the robbers with the ferocity of a tigress, had been brutally treated by them in their efforts to overcome her. She had been carried home insensible and tenderly cared for, but her life was despaired of, and if

YOUNG PITT ARRESTED.

that should be saved, then grave fears were entertained that her reason would be dethroned. But, thanks to a good constitution and the best of nursing, she did ultimately recover both reason and health.

There were none but tender words for Jessie Grant; every one in Waterville knew that she was not only the innocent of the robbery, but had fought desperately and periled her life in the interests of the bank. One of the robbers bore the marks of her teeth in his hand for months. But concerning Bert Pitt there was a very different state of feeling. Some looked on him as a young hero, and some as a désiguing young rascal. He was but 23 years of age, but was very popular and had been implicitly trusted by his superiors in the bank. Whether he was an accomplice was eagerly discussed by all, and many were the opinions formed. Detectives were coming and going and looking mysterious.

A week later the village was startled by the arrest of young Pitt and the recovery of $10,000 which he had hidden away in the garret of his mother's home. Rumor said he had completely broken down and made a full confession, detailing the whole plot from the beginning and implicating four others in it. There was little telling knowledge, as men's mouths were sealed who were in a position to know, and with the others it was all surmise.

Several months passed. The robbers had all been arrested, though one of them led the detectives a chase clear across the country. He was taken just as he was mounting his horse to flee into the Sierra Nevada mountains. The colloquy between him and the pursuing detective was brief, but right to the point.

"Hi, there, Jim Lacey! Stand still and throw up your hands!"

"Who the deuce be you?"

"Never mind who I am. Just throw up your hands, or I'll empty some lead into you!"

The desperado looked the officer in the eye, saw the cold steel covering him, and noting the determined mien of the man addressing him, threw up his hands. In a minute more he was securely handcuffed and on his way to Waterville. It was a memorable affair.

And now a great crowd of people are packed into the court room, listening intently to the closing arguments for and against the five prisoners sitting there in the dock. How pale young Pitt looks as the prosecuting attorney grows eloquent over his crime, and urges that the heaviest penalty of the law be inflicted upon him. And now the arguments are ended. A hush falls upon the audience as the jury are led away to deliberate upon their verdict.

One hour passes, two, three, and then a buzz of excitement spreads through the long-waiting audience as the jury file in and take their seats.

"Are the jury prepared to render their verdict?" asked the judge in deep, sonorous tones.

"Yes, your honor."

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

The court room is as still as death. The judge rises to pronounce sentence.

"Prisoners, stand up."

The five guilty men rise slowly to their feet. They are all pale and haggard. The judge slowly pronounces sentence upon each. Like strokes of a hammer each sentence falls. All are condemned to hard work in state's prison:

"James Lacey—ten years.

"Patrick Noonan—ten years.

"George Smith—eight years.

"Albert Pitt—eight years.

"John Ruland—three years."

Sentence is rendered. A moment of silence, followed by the heavy breathing of scores of lungs. The prisoners are led away. The court adjourns. The crowd presses its way out into the street.

A little later the prison walls close on a young man of fine, sensitive face. He is dead to the outside world; dead and buried to all the bright, joyous life of former years. A fair young girl weeps in her father's home for the convict who has passed within those stone walls. But her love for him is dead—forever dead.
—[Boston Transcript.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

It Was Not All Imagination.

"Good night!" she said; and laid her head
Upon his manly breat;
And he, accepted, homeward turned,
His soul with joy possessed.

He fancied still above his heart
He felt that cheek so fair,
On bunging up his coat he found
Its ghostly imprint there!

Preliminary Tactics.

Winkle—Miss Teaser is taking a course in wood-carving.

Nodd—What is her idea?

Winkle—I understand that she intends opening a boarding-house.

Suspicious.

Rowne de Bout—I am sorry to know Steddiman has got to drinking so hard of late.

Hyand Lowe—Why, you don't mean to say you saw him intoxicated?

Rowne de Bout—No; but I met him coming out of a Turkish bath at 8 o'clock in the morning.

No Othello.

Desdemona Davis (bursting into tears.)—it's too bad of him—he knows that I love him, and yet—and yet—

Emilia Emerson—Yet what?

Desdemona Davis—He lets me flirt with any one I wish to, and doesn't say a word.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

Manager—How did you like the play the other evening?

Critic—I didn't like it at all.

Manager—Didn't like it? Why, there were over 400 people on the stage at one time in the last act!

Probably.

"Do you know 'The Song That Breaks My Heart?'"

"Is it 'Comrades?'"

Just Like a Missourian.

Springfield, Mo. has a man so obtuse that he waited till the grass was dead and then he stole a lawn mower.—[Kansas City times.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The Famous Charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava.

The charge of the Light Brigade, in the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimea, was the most heroic charge in all the known annals of history of war and carnage. The stirring and disastrous incident evoked the famous poem by Lord Tennyson, England's poet-laureate, which is familiar to everybody. James White, residing at Brownstown, eight miles southwest of Upper Sandusky, O., is a survivor of that terrible and fatal charge. He is a little old man of about 70 years, with gray hair and beard, and has a Scotch dialect in his speech. He is quite sensitive regarding the charge of the Light Brigade and would rather not talk about it, saying that a mention of it revives most horrible memories. His description of the charge is remarkably corroborative of the minutest detail of all writers on this subject, and Kinglake does not draw a more vivid picture of the surging hoofs of cavalry steeds and the fatal thunder of the belching hillside artillery, pouring death into the brave British cavalrymen as they ride up the valley of death, than does Mr. White in his narration, when once drawn into the subject. He is conscious of the fact that some regard him as an impostor, but any body who knows Jimmie White, intimately knows that he is an honest, straight-forward man, and tells the truth. That he is a soldier is attested by the fact that he was a veteran in our late war, he having come to America a few years before. He points to a scar on the bridge of his nose, and says it was caused by a Cossack lance thrust received in front of Sebastopol. As the light brigade, composed of 625 men and horses, he says, charged up the valley to capture the Russian artillery which was playing upon their forces, the gallant Lord Cardigan exclaimed, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" As they rushed up the valley an enfilading fire was poured into them. The gallant leader saw his men mowed down until only twenty-six were alive and mounted. He ordered the bugler to signal a halt. The survivors drew up and turned, and when the bugler sounded a retreat, ninety-six riderless horses, in military file, thundered down the valley, trampling and putting to flight a regiment of Russian Cossacks, who were coming up the valley to cut off retreat.

The horses plunged like frantic demons and the 26 survivors, among them Lord Cardigan, rode close behind the riderless horses and thus made their escape. Never, says Mr. White, did he see horses endowed with such sagacity, apparently more than a human comprehension of the bold break necessary to be made for life and liberty. Had it not been for that equine vanguard there would not have been a human survivor to tell the tale.

OSCAR WILDE'S CYNICISM.

Wisdom and Pessimism Mingle in the Sayings of the Cynic.

Beauty ends where intellect begins. Intellect is in itself an exaggeration and destroys the harmony of any face.

The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit quietly and gape. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent and without disquiet.

The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception necessary for both parties.

Laughter is not a bad beginning for a friendship and is a good ending for one.

Every impulse that we strangle broods in the mind and seasons us. The body sins once and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure or the luxury of a regret.

Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.

The only difference between a caprice and a passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer.

Sin is the only color element left in modern life.

Young men want to be faithful and are not; old men want to be faithless and cannot.

Punctuality is the thief of time.

Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious. Both are disappointed.

People who only love once in their lives are really shallow people. What they call their loyalty and fidelity I call the lethargy of custom or the lack of imagination.

Faithlessness is to the emotional life what consistency is to the intellectual life—simply a confession of failure.

Religion consoles some. Its mysteries have the charms of a flirtation.

THE NEW YORK HERALD MACHINE.

Needed Reforms.

If the minister only knew how to preach
How nice the church would be!
If that soprano would cease to screech
How nice the church would be!!
If drowsiness o'er us didn't creep,
If people never would go to sleep,
If their snoring was not so loud and deep,
How nice the church would be!!!

Patter of the Dollars.

When the congregation gathers,
Till there's hardly standing room,
And my happy sermon hits them,
Driving off their souls' thick gloom,
'Tis a joy to press my seat then,
And to sit in silent state,
While I listen to the patter
Of the dollars on the plate.

Political Preachers.

I often wonder if from fiery gloom
The rapid curses of the doomed can reach
If they from Abraham's bosom will not drag
The fools who politics each Sunday preach.

A Sermon Mine.

For sermons in the stones our clergyman
I feel assured doth seldom stoop to look,
Because he finds that it is easier far
To get them in some old forgotten book.

The Maiden's Prayer.

She bent her head low over her book
In a very devotional way.
She was thirty-three in the shade, at least,
And was getting a bit passe.

She prayed a long, long earnest prayer,
That her heart's most cherished plan
Would go into effect, and that she might catch
"Some kind—any kind of a man."

The Miser's Contribution.

He dropped his coin within the plate,
And the sound with the music blent,
While I knew by the cold, dull thud,
That he gave but a copper cent.

Aftermath.

Every one heaves a sigh of relief,
As soon as the sermon's done,
Every one joins in the glad "Amen,"
And the voices resound as one.

SHE HAD A PASS.

The Denouncer of Monopolies Rides on a Monopoly Pass.

A tall, angular looking woman walked up to Conductor Joe Collins of the Southern Kansas road at the Union Depot recently and attempted to board the train.

"Let me see your ticket, ma'am," said the conductor, in his charactaristically polite manner.

"I won't do it, I know where I'm going," replied the woman, rather tartly.

"Oh, but you must. You cannot get on the train unless you do, it's the rule," said Collins. "You must let me see your ticket."

"I don't travel on a ticket. I have a pass," exclaimed she, loftily, and again she attempted to pass.

"I must see your pass, then."

"Well, you haven't sense enough to tell whether it's a pass or a ticket, I guess."

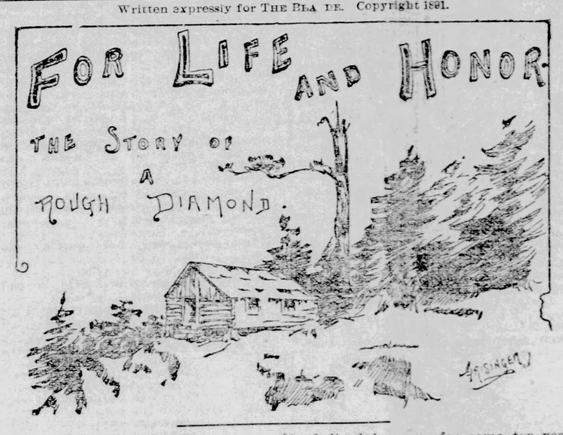
But she showed him a pass. It was all right—an annual pass. It was issued to Mrs. Mary Lease, denouncer of monopolies, female orator, the oracle of the Farmers' Alliance.—[Kansas City Times.

Be Careful of Fire.

Commonplace but important is the suggestion, "Be careful of fire." Never take risk by lighting fire in stove or furnace not known to be ready and safe. In building or repairing see that the pipe holes in the chimney are tight and well protected from lath and sliding by use of clay pots made for the purpose.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1891.



CHAPTER XVI.

SEARCHING FOR HEIRS.

The weeks passed swiftly away, and matters remained in precisely the same situation between Harry and Rill. The young girl astonished Miss Barton by the added degree of intensity which she put into her work. Rapid as had been her progress hitherto, she seemed impatient at its slowness. She begged for longer lessons—so long, in fact, that she frequently studied far into the night in order to master them.

Harry was unconscious of her feelings, of course, and went about his daily duties—for he represented his father in various enterprises, and much of his time was spent in the business portion of the city each day—thinking often of Rill, and scheming for opportunities of meeting her alone. He did not dream that her quick eye had probed his secret. In fact, he feared to alarm and distress her by too early an avowal of his passion—for passion it had really become. The warm admiration which had gradually grown up for Rill had suddenly developed in that brief interview over George's picture into love—or, to speak more correctly, the love which had been slowly ripening, had then first became a fact in his own consciousness.

It was in the afternoon, and Colonel Vandeveer sat alone in his library, two large japanned boxes standing open before him on his table. They were packed with letters and papers belonging to Mr. Tempest, and the colonel was pursuing a task which had occupied his leisure hours for many days—that of examining them to get track, if possible, of the legal heirs of the estate which Mr. Tempest had left.

Like many of the first comers to the golden state, Mr. Tempest was a rover, who there meeting success for the first time, had settled quietly down, occupied in business, and taken no particular steps to renew the broken associations with the scenes of his early life. He had kept many letters, and the two boxes now before the colonel were the last of the series which he had patiently gone over. On the table by his side lay a number of sheets of paper, covered with notes which he had jotted down as being pointers in the search he proposed to institute. Finally his task was done, and with a sigh of relief he put the last bundle of papers back in the boxes, closed them both and placed them in a small closet opening into the room, and gathering up his memoranda awaited the coming of Mr. Tipton. Prompt to the moment, the detective appeared and was ushered into the library.

"Sit down here," said the colonel, after the usual salutations were exchanged, "and I will explain to you the business which I wish you to undertake."

The detective bowed and took the indicated seat.

"I have, Mr. Tipton," pursued the colonel, "been very much worried as to the care of the estate of the late Mr. Tempest, which charge devolved upon me at his death, and the burden of which has been doubly onerous, owing to the charge of murder against his heir and his lamentable death by drowning in the Mississippi. Failing George Tempest, this estate belongs to the heirs of his uncle. I know but little concerning his early life. He came to this coast from Ohio. His parents, I have understood, were plain farming people, with but three children, two sons and a daughter. Mr. Tempest, when quite young, evinced a dislike for farm work, and his father, who was in poor circumstances, secured for him a position in a mercantile establishment in the city of Cleveland, some twenty or thirty miles distant. This was when Mr. Tempest was a mere boy. The failure of the firm with which he was employed threw him out of a situation. In two or three years, and in order to see a little of the world, he determined to go to St. Louis, and thence after a few months he drifted westward, and after several years spent in wandering, during which time his communication with home was hardly kept up at all, he made his way to California.

"His sister Jane, who was younger than himself, remained with her parents until she married. Her husband was named Piper. They settled upon a farm near by her parents' residence, as tenants. Things remained in this state until the death of both the father and mother—the parents of Henry Tempest and Mrs. Piper. The Pipers then took the Western letter, and removed to the vicinity of St. Louis, taking with them their only child, a daughter. They lived there several years, and then made another emigration, but, unfortunately, there is nothing in Mr. Tempest's letters and papers whereby to trace their further history.

"The third child of the Tempest family was Henry's brother George, who was the youngest of the three. After Henry Tempest had located in San Francisco, George, who had meanwhile been also occupied in mercantile business in Cleveland, joined him. He married shortly after coming here, and died a few years afterward, leaving one son, George, named after himself. This is the young man whom Mr. Tempest educated and reared, whom he made his heir, and who was charged with his murder."

Mr. Tipton, who had been following the colonel attentively, bowed without speaking.

"The estate which Mr. Tempest left now falls to the surviving members of the Piper family, the heirs of his sister Jane. To find them is the task which I wish you to undertake. I have here in this package," continued the colonel, picking up a bundle, "all the letters which Mr. Tempest received from his sister, Mrs. Piper. It seems that many are missing, or it may be that both herself and Mr. Tempest were very dilatory in correspondence. The last one was written at Mound City, Mo., and announces the fact that the Piper family, which at that time still consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Piper and their daughter, had just made ready to remove again, this time Westward into Kansas. They proposed going by wagon and traveling on until they found a location which suited them. There is nothing further. Mr. Tempest left no papers or memoranda to show that he had ever held any further communication with the family. They had lived, however, for some ten years in the one place, near Mound City, and their daughter seems to have grown to womanhood at that time. At least, so I infer from the mention that is made of her."

"I presume, then," said Mr. Tipton, "that the point at which to begin this search is in that locality."

"Precisely so," answered the colonel. "Although it has been twenty-two years since the date of this last letter, there certainly must be some one among the residents of that neighborhood who remembers the Piper family. It is possible, as they traveled by wagon, that they did not go alone—that other emigrants from the same neighborhood accompanied them. The latter probably wrote back to their relatives, and it may be possible, by following up such clues, to find families who know where the Pipers located. The search does not seem to me to be really so difficult as it at first appears."

"It may or may not be so," responded Mr. Tipton, and taking the bundle of letters he opened one and glanced through it. "I infer from this," he continued, "that the Pipers were in poor circumstances, and that the search will be attended with more trouble than if it were different. Where people own property, they are less likely to drift on the current of humanity. They anchor themselves permanently in one place. It would not be at all surprising to find that the Pipers have changed their location several times since they left Missouri."

"Not at all surprising," assented the colonel. "I regret that we are compelled to resort to this method of ascertaining who are the heirs of the estate. But I am extremely anxious that they should be found, and be placed in possession. The whole burden of its care is very painful to me. The awful death of my old partner; the terrible suspicion resting upon George, who was to me almost as my own son, and his accidental taking off, all combine to render the whole matter very painful. I wish to have done with it as speedily as possible, and this cannot be done until the heirs are found. Mr. Tipton, how soon can you start?"

Mr. Tipton reflected a moment. "I think it will be possible for me to leave on next Saturday evening."

"Very well, then. I have here," continued the colonel, taking up his sheets of memoranda, "in order to save you the trouble of going through a large number of old letters and other papers, jotted down in brief all allusions to the family contained in several boxes of letters and papers in my possession. They are arranged here in their proper order, with the dates of the letters from which they were obtained, so that it will be easy to obtain the originals if they are needed. The bundle of letters which you have contains all the correspondence on Mrs. Piper's part. With that and these memoranda you have, in brief, all the information in my possession. Please make an attentive study of them, and report what you may think before you leave."

"Very well, sir," responded the detective. "But, one word. Were there no heirs of Mr. Tempest's brother George save the young man who was drowned?"

"None whatever," responded the colonel. "George Tempest, senior, died leaving only the one child. His wife followed him to the grave within a year."

"Was Mr. Henry Tempest ever married?"

The colonel shook his head. "No, he never appeared to care for the feminine half of creation. In fact," mused the colonel, "I am more than half inclined to believe that the reason he left Cleveland was not so much of the failure of his employers, as it was that he had been disappointed in some affair of the heart, and accepted the excuse which the failure gave to leave the spot and seek fresh fields and pastures new."

Mr. Tipton carefully placed the letters and memoranda, which had been given to him by the colonel, away in his pocket book, and prepared to take his departure.

"By the way, Mr. Tipton," interrupted the colonel, "have you heard anything from Rosita since we left the town?"

"Concerning whom or what?" asked the detective.

"Concerning the object of your visit. For myself, I have had no communication whatever with any one there since that time, nor have I heard anything concerning Bernstein, or any one else, for that matter."

"I have heard but little," answered Mr. Tipton. "About a week ago I was informed that Mr. Bernstein had in some manner obtained possession of the old Montaldo property, and that he is now living there."

"Indeed!" responded the colonel, evidently interested. "Has he purchased it?"

"There were several mortgages upon it which he seems to have purchased at a very low rate, and at the time mentioned he filed a deed from the old man Montaldo to the entire property. In fact, he got only got the house, but all the furniture in it as it stood. It has seemed to me a rather singular transaction."

"How long since this deed was executed?" demanded Colonel Vandeveer.

"That is the peculiar part of it," responded Tipton. "It was dated only three days before the time of filing, from which I infer that our friend Bernstein had ascertained the whereabouts of the Montaldos."

"You heard nothing concerning the daughter?"

"Nothing whatever," answered Tipton. Then, with a promise to call on the day of his departure, the detective took his leave.

CHAPTER XVII.

KATE AND HER LOVER.

Colonel and Mrs. Vandeveer were sitting together one evening and, for a wonder, alone. Kate had gone to the theater under the escort of Mr. Erastus Clayton. Harry was absent in Sacramento on some business for his father.

"It is not often, my dear," said the colonel, addressing his wife, "that you and I are left tete-a-tete. By the way, where is Rill?"

"It is always superfluous to ask where she is at this hour in the evening. The dear girl is in her room, poring over her lessons for the morrow."

"True," assented the colonel. "She is a very industrious little creature."

"It is a standing surprise to me," went on his wife, "to see how indefatigable the child is, in mastering her tasks. Her industry and determination are something wonderful, and the most satisfactory thing, too, is that she improves so rapidly. Her mind has a wonderfully tenacious grasp."

"Let me see, my dear," said the colonel, musingly, "it has not yet been a year since Rill came to us, has it?"

"Very nearly. Ah, dear me, how the time flies. It seems to me but a few weeks since Harry brought the little, frightened, wild-eyed, sun-burned girl with him from Rosita."

"She was a rather rustic specimen, was she not? And, by the way, her mental improvement, though enormous, is hardly as great as her physical. Who would have supposed that such a girl as she was a year ago would have developed into such a pretty maiden as Rill is now?"

"Ah, colonel," retorted his wife, smiling. "You men never give our sex credit for the capabilities we really possess. You set yourselves up as an order of superior beings; and in so doing you slight us, you crush us. We are blighted by your overshadowing pre-eminence. It is only at rare intervals that an individual specimen of femininity has an unobstructed opportunity to burgeon and bloom."

"Hold! hold," called out the colonel. "Have mercy, my dear. You at least have no reason to anathematize your husband on that score. So you think Rill a favorable example of a girl who has had an opportunity to grow without being chilled and overshadowed by masculine superiority?"

"I do, indeed," said Mrs. Vandeveer, emphatically, nodding her head to accentuate her words. "Rill is developing into a most charming and well-educated young lady, and the rapidity with which she is reaching that point is something marvelous. There is only one thing that might interfere."

"What is that, my dear?"

"She might, unfortunately, fall in love with some young man, and her mental energy take a different direction, thus preventing her development."

It is singular that women have so little knowledge of the myriad ways in which the master passion of the human heart affects those subject to its sway. Mrs. Vandeveer, while uttering the above words, was mentally congratulating herself upon the extremely rapid advancement that Rill had been making during the past month—for it had been a month since that fateful night on which she awoke to a realization of the fact that she loved Harry Vandeveer; yet little did the good lady dream that Rill's marvelously rapid advancement in that time was due to her love. She felt keenly the distance in attainment which separated her from Harry Vandeveer, and this feeling but spurred her to still greater effort.

"So you are playing the dragon over our adopted daughter, are you, madam?" said the colonel, playfully. "Let me warn you that all your efforts will be fruitless. The prince will come one of these fine days and carry away Cinderella, notwithstanding all your efforts to keep her confined to the back kitchen."

"He will come, of course," answered Mrs. Vandeveer, "but I wish to delay his coming until she shall be worthy of even a prince's wooing."

"Do you really mean to say, my dear," inquired the colonel, "that you are endeavoring to keep Rill from the society of young gentlemen, and simply on that account? Now, that I think of it, the child hardly goes anywhere except with yourself, but I did not dream there was any design in the matter."

"There is no particular design in the matter, colonel," returned his wife. "Rill does not care particularly for society; or, rather, she is so engrossed with her studies and music that she has not time to devote to it. Still, I'll be frank and confess that I have no particular desire that Rill shall indulge much in social pleasures until her education is further advanced."

"My dear," said the colonel, turning to her fondly, "I have the highest opinion of your judgment and discretion in the matter of training the young. In fact, our own children, Kate and Harry, are shining examples of its success. But it does seem to me that in this case you do not take all the circumstances of the case into consideration, or, perhaps, do not give some of them due weight. It occurs to me that, considering the lonely, isolated life the girl led in her mountain home, she should now have more society; that, in fact, she needs it to develop harmoniously. She has spent her whole life aloof from society of all kinds. In fact, she lived almost a hermit's life with her father. Don't you think, my dear, that it would be better if she saw more of the world—that it would the sooner remove all awkwardness, all rusticity, from her?"

"And I think, my dear colonel," responded his wife, smiling, "that you are a dear old darling goose, and don't know what you are talking about. Have you so poor an opinion of your own household—of your wife, your son and daughter, nor to speak of yourself—as to assume that living with us, occupying the place of a daughter in our home, she will not have all evidences of rusticity removed as quickly as possible?" And then she burst into a merry laugh.

The colonel looked a little confused. "Forgive me, my dear," he said, stepping to her side and gallantly imprinting a kiss upon her cheek. "I will confess that I took but a partial view of the situation. I have no doubt that you are doing far better in the matter of Rill's education than I possibly could if the duty were to devolve on me. I shall have no more to say in the matter."

"And I for my part," said the matron, rising, "think that that poor child has toiled over her lessons quite long enough for to-night. I shall go to her and insist that she put away her books and go to bed. It is nearly 10 o'clock."

Accordingly, Mrs. Vandeveer departed on her mission, and the colonel retired to the library to write a letter to Mr. Tipton. That gentleman had been absent almost three weeks, and was industriously endeavoring to obtain traces of the Piper family. The colonel had received a letter that afternoon, detailing his experiences since he had last written, which contained nothing of material interest, save that he expected by the time the colonel had received his missive to have gone to Kansas to follow up the meager information he had obtained, and giving an address at which a letter would reach him.

The colonel leisurely wrote his letter, which was a very long one, and filled with a vast number of suggestions for Mr. Tipton's consideration, and just as he laid down his pen after addressing the envelope, the hall door closed.

He glanced at the clock. "Past eleven. That must be Kate, returning from the theater."

His surmise was correct. The play was entertaining, the house crowded, and Mr. Clayton, to his delight, found Kate far less reserved in manner with him than she had ever before been. The ride homeward was a very pleasant one, and as he assisted her from the carriage, he made the request that he might call on the following evening, to which Kate gave ready and cordial permission.

When she parted from her escort at the door, Kate ran upstairs and stopped at her mother's room for a few minutes' chat, as was her custom.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "I see by your face that you have had a delightful evening."

"Oh, yes, indeed, mamma," replied the girl with animation. "It was one of those successful occasions which pleases every body, both players and people; for the house was crowded with a brilliant audience, generous of its applause, which, of course, pleased the actors. The drama was played with a spirit and feeling, and that pleased the audience."

"And an agreeable escort, of course, contributed his share to the pleasure of the evening?" remarked Mrs. Vandeveer, in a questioning tone.

"Oh, yes," responded the girl with animation. "Mr. Clayton is always agreeable, and we had altogether an extremely pleasant evening."

Mrs. Vandeveer was seated in a large easy chair, a shaded drop light on the table at her elbow. She had been reading until her daughter came in. Kate had dropped down upon the footstool at her mother's feet, so that the latter looked directly down into the beautiful face, with its corona of golden, hair upturned before her.

"My dear," said the elder lady, "do you know that Mr. Clayton has become a very regular visitor at this house of late?"

"Yes, mamma." The blue eyes dropped and a slight blush stole into the soft cheeks.

"And, of course, my dear, his visits can have but one object. I need not say to you that this object is obvious to everybody."

"Yes, mamma," was again Kate's answer, in almost a whisper.

"If my dear, I have but one object in life with regard to yourself, and that is to see you happily married to the man of your choice, whomever he may be. Will you not tell me, Kate, whether——"

"There is nothing to tell, indeed, mamma, do you suppose that I would allow Mr.—any young man—to make a proposal to me without at once coming to my own dear mother?"

The blush was deep in her cheeks, but the blue eyes gazed upward into those of Mrs. Vandeveer with a clear, frank look.

"I hope, my dear, that I merit your confidence on this topic as well as on all others, and I am sure that I have always possessed it. But I did not suppose when I began speaking that Mr. Clayton had gone to the length of making you a proposal. It used to be that a young man always consulted the parents of the lady whom he desired to honor with an offer of marriage, but we Americans have let the ceremonious old way fall into desuetude. The question before you now, my dear, is, what are you going to do with Mr. Clayton?"

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Why, my dear, Mr. Clayton is a young man of intelligence and he knows that you are as well aware of his ultimate object as he is himself. Kate, have you ever taken counsel with your own heart in this matter? Have you determined fully what your answer shall be when he makes a formal proposal for your hand? If your answer is to be 'yes,' you are doing perfectly right in allowing his frequent calls to continue. If the reverse, you are doing him a wrong; you are wronging yourself in allowing this state of things. I have once or twice within the past two days had the matter alluded to by some of my friends. Mr. Clayton's devotion to you has continued long enough, and his calls are so frequent that the matter has attracted general attention in social circles, and I thought it but right, my dear, to lay the case before you."

"Mamma," began Kate, "I really don't know that I ever thought of the matter in that light before. I am distressed about it. I really don't ——" Here the tears came, and she buried her face in her mother's lap to conceal them.

Mrs. Vandeveer passed her hand caressingly over the bright hair as she replied: "No harm has been done, my dear, if, as I strongly suspect, you have drifted onward without thinking whither you were tending, it is by no means too late. I only wished to call your attention to the fact that it is to allow this intimacy to continue is to excite false hopes, if you do not intend eventually to marry Mr. Clayton. Have you ever soberly asked yourself the question as to what answer you would give a proposal coming from him?"

"N—no, mamma," sobbed Kate.

"Then, my dear, it was time you were doing so."

Kate was silent a few minutes, and then, with her face still buried in her mother's lap, she said: "Dear mamma, please advise me."

A slight smile flitted across her mother's face. "I fear, my dear," she answered, "that your affections cannot be very deeply engaged, if you want advice on the matter; or, do you wish to know my opinion of Mr. Clayton?"

"Yes," came in a whisper from Kate.

"Your father and I discussed this question this evening, and we are both of one mind. We would not have you to bestow your hand unless your heart accompanies it. As for Mr. Clayton, we have no objections to the young man, if you desire to marry him. Only be sure of yourself, my dear, and remember that the happiness of your lifetime depends on a wise matrimonial choice. If you love Mr. Clayton sufficiently well to marry him, you will be satisfied."

Kate lifted her tear-stained face and met her mother's face as she replied: "But that is just the thing, mamma. I like Mr. Clayton. I like him better than I supposed possible, but I do not know whether I like him well enough to marry him."

"Then, my dear," said her mother, smiling, "it is time that you were giving serious thought to the matter in order to arrive at a definite course of action. Only, I would not allow the young man to indulge in any baseless hopes."

"Do you know, mamma," said Kate, after a few minutes passed, "that I am very glad that you spoke to me about this matter? I am afraid that I have been heedless."

"Not to an inexcusable degree, my dear, by any means. Matters have not come to such a pass as that. I only gave because I thought it was time that you should know definitely whether the course led your are pursuing. It is late, my dear. You had better run to your room, or you will not get much beauty-sleep to-night."

Mrs. Vandeveer leaned over and tenderly kissed her daughter. Kate flung her arms about her mother's neck and returned the caress with interest.

"I will think about the matter, mamma," said she, as she arose from the footstool.

"And when you have arrived at a decision, you will let me know?"

"Most certainly I will. 'A girl's best friend is her mother,' says the proverb, and to-night I have proved it true, even if I had not known it long ago."

With these parting words Kate sped off to her own room. Partially disrobing herself, she slipped on her dressing gown, and seating herself in her favorite low easy-chair, she leaned her head upon her hand and went off in reverie. The question that had been brought before her by her mother's words was a perplexing one. Her intercourse with Erastus Clayton had been extremely pleasant. He was the most attentive of companions. There was really no objection that she could find and for the first time she seriously asked herself whether there was any real reason why she should not marry him. He was good looking, well educated, well bred, of good character and social standing, and wealthy. Why should she not marry him?

Suddenly rising, she crossed the room, and leaning her arms on the low mantel gazed long and earnestly at the cabinet portrait of George Tempest, her eyes filled with tears and she murmured to herself: "Oh, if he had but lived!" The girl cast a quick, shy glance all about the room, to satisfy herself that she was really alone, and then, seizing the portrait, she kissed the pictured face again and again.

Kate Vandeveer got but little beauty-sleep that night. Long after she had sought her couch she lay awake, tossing from side to side, endeavoring to find an answer to the question that she now knew Mr. Clayton would sooner or later ask her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Meanness of English Royalty.

There seems to be a sort of meanness about the immorality of the men of the English royal family. They run very quickly to hide when any of their peccadilloes are brought to light. They don't consider it one of the duties of their station to set a good example, though the nation pays them to do it, but they consider it one of their privileges not to be found out in setting a bad example. Retaining all the grossness and ungraciousness of the

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

A very handsome volume comes from Harper & Brothers, New York city, entitled "The Spanish-American Republics," by Theodore Child. It is a plain narrative of observation and travel in the more accessible parts of the five important republics of Spanish South America; namely, Chili, Peru, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, and Uruguay. The book is finely illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to our knowledge of the other America, and especially timely under the present condition of affairs.

Another volume of an entirely different character from the same house is entitled "The Warwickshire Avon." It is a collection of notes by A. F. Quiller-Couch and is fully illustrated by Alfred Parsons. The illustrations are excellent and add greatly to the interest of the book. It will make a fine holiday volume.

A book that is full of valuable information upon the subject of co-operation is one published by The Orange Judd Co., 52 Lafayette Place, New York City. The author is Herbert Myrick, and under the title of "How to Co-operate" he gives the best methods of procedure in order to make it a success.

"A New Aristocracy" is the title of a novel by Birch Arnold. It belongs to the class known as "Labor Stories," and enters very fully into the labor movement, the author evidently designing to assist in the elevation of the masses. It is published by the Bartlett Publishing company, 32 West Thirteenth street, New York city.

G. P. Putnam Sons, New York City, publish an edition of a book written in the 16th century by Pierre Charron. This author was far in advance of his time, being what we may call an advanced thinker. The present work is entitled "A Treatise on Wisdom," and one cannot fail to be surprised at the sentiments and opinions of this writer of so long ago.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library, is published "The Johnstown Stage and Other Stories" by Robert Howe Fletcher, author of "A Blind Bargain." This is another of the collections of short stories which have been so popular during the past summer. D. Appleton, & Co., New York City.

A bright story is the one which was was published as a serial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, entitled "Phillida," by Maud Howe. It is devoid of the sensational character of very many of the novels of the day, but it is full of incident, and there is something of tragedy in the development of the plot. The novel is published by the United States Book Co., 150 Worth street, New York City.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones, of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but on giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla there was marked improvement, and now she is well, strong and healthy."

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

ENTANGLING A WITNESS.

But There Was a Loophole, and Out He Went in Good Shape.

A case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a pasture, and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though the guilt seemed clear, he had found a lawyer to undertake his defense. At the trial the defendant's attorney expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a certain farmer whose testimony was particularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones and repeating himself again and again, in hope of decoying the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question."

"I can," replied the witness wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the forenoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or 'middles.' I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why, by that clock it was just nineteen minutes past 10."

"You were in the field all the morning?" went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the clock in your house it was exactly nineteen minutes past 10?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused and looked triumphantly at the jury; at last he had entapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his testimony. "I think that will do," he said, with a wave of his hand, I am quite through with you."

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat and started to leave the witness stand. Then turning slowly around he added: "I ought, perhaps, to say that too much reliance should not be placed upon that clock, as it got out of gear about six months ago, and it's been nineteen minutes past 10 ever since."—[Philadelphia Times.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds, and all other Throat Troubles. —"Pre-eminently the best."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

A CASE OF MIND CURE.

Heroic Measures Adopted by a Physician—The Results.

"Yes, I believe in mind cure," said a leading fashionable physition to a New York *Recorder*. Every practitioner does to a certain extent, and every successful physician uses it constantly in his practice. I have had some extraordinary examples in my own experience. There is one case in particular which I shall always remember. Several years ago I had as a patient a wealthy lady who had been bedridden for five years. I could not see that anything was really the matter with her, but for a few months I tried every remedy in vain.

Finally I hit upon a desperate expedient. I took into my confidence the husband, who was a very prominent lawyer, and secured his consent to put my plan into execution without fear of interference from him. One afternoon when all the conditions were favorable I made my usual call. The husband was in the room when I arrived, but he went out shortly and left me with the patient. As soon as he was outside the door I quickly turned the key and resumed my seat by the bed. The electric bell was at the other side of the room and there was no way in which the invalid could communicate with the rest of the household. For a minute or two I kept silent and she looked at me in amazement.

"As soon as the stillness began to be oppressive I remarked quietly: 'Mrs. ——, I am going to sit here until you get up, and that door is to remain locked until that time.'

"'I can't do it,' was the feeble reply.

"'But you must,' I responded severely. 'It has got to be done.' And, taking a bunch of matches from my pocket, I continued: 'I am going to set fire to the bed, and if you don't want to be burned you will have to get out of it, for I shan't help you.'

"She gazed at me in terror, evidently thinking that she was locked up with a madman. I deliberately set fire to one corner of the blanket. It burned slowly, of course, but it burned. Still not a movement on the part of the inmate of the bed.

"You will hardly believe me, but I was obliged to set the bed afire in a dozen different places, and she lay there helpless, until the flames had almost scorched her body. Then she sprang up wildly with a scream and leaped to the floor.

"That woman has been one of my most active and healthy acquaintances ever since, and she and her husband are the warmest friends I have. But if my little mind cure experiment had happened to fail they would have been my enemies for life. It was one of the chances of the profession and I had to take it.

"Do I believe in Christian science, too? Well, hardly!"

WEST POINT IN WAR DAYS

CAPTAIN KING'S REMINISCENCES.

Cadet Life—The New Cadets Being Drilled by Their Gilded Superiors—Put Through with Many Hard Knocks.

[Written for the Blade by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. Copyright, 1891.]

THE new comer to the Military Academy in the good old days whereof we write, and whereof some grizzled veterans are wont to brag prodigiously, had in every conceivable way an infinitely tougher time of it than he does now. "The service is going to the devil," said old Colonel ——, in the summer of '89. "Even the plebes have silver napkin rings. Why, sir, when I entered in 183—," etc., etc. Very possibly the youthful West Pointer of to-day may look upon the graduates of '66 precisely as '66 looks upon '44, but there is this difference—we know that in a thousand ways the academy has improved since the war days, and every boy who enters in these present piping times of peace has advantages never dreamed of in '62.

If anything was ever done by the authorities to spare the feelings of the awkward, uncouth and verdant youngsters

"TURN OUT YOUR TOES."

who were licked into shape in four tremendous weeks in our time we never found it out, and the deepest humiliations came with the drill hour before dinner and between 4 and 5 p. m. We did not mind the 5:30 a. m. drill so much, for that was too early for visitors to be up and about, but the other two—that was mortification intensified!

West Point has some curious old customs peculiar to itself, and one of the oldest is the use or misuse of the handle to a surname. In civil life, when we desire to treat a man with respect, we never drop the Mr. To call him Brown, Jones or Robinson on short acquaintance, or in presence of comparative strangers, is indicative of a familiarity which perchance points to contempt. At West Point, so long as one cadet "misters" another it means "keep your distance; you and I have nothing in common." Every plebe, therefore, is rigorously "mistered" by every upper classman until he has passed his year of meekness and probation, when, by the unwritten laws of the corps of cadets and the customs handed down from time immemorial, he becomes entitled to be disentitled, so to speak, and the first or second classman who forgets himself and addresses a yearling as Mr. Ferguson commits a solecism that has more than once led to prompt challenge and combat. "Mr.," when employed in the corps of cadets meant for long years, and probably means now, that the youth so addressed was either a member of the lowest of the four classes—*i. e.*, a "plebe"—or else that he was not considered worthy the comradeship or confidence of the cadet so addressing him. One of the proudest days of my life was the first of June, 1863, for on that day, as we changed our trousers from gray to white at reveille, the old cadets dropped the "mister" of the twelvemonth gone and we similarly were permitted to speak of, aye, even to speak to the plumed magnates of the graduating class—even our reverend first captain, Rabb, and our beloved and honored adjutant, Michie—without that formal prefex.

And so, just as everything conspired to take the "bumptiousness" out of the new cadet and reduce him to a condition of abject humiliation, so were the late meek and lowly, our predecessors by just one year, exalted and glorified. No less than thirty-five of these glittering young gentlemen were selected to become the squad drill-masters of the class in which I entered in '62. Heavens! What a contrast between the appearance of the cadet of one year's standing and that of the candidate just reported! The former in a gray and white uniform, fitting like wax; every button glistening; collar, cuffs, trousers and gloves absolutely immaculate; figure and carriage erect, trim and graceful; every movement alert and quick, and yet consummately easy. As for our array of some eighty or ninety aspirants, all but about ten were from the farms or country villages of our wide domain. Two had been a year at Kenyon college, one at Yale and one at Columbia, making four who had a smattering, at least, of the classics. Four others had enjoyed excellent mathematical schooling in the scientific academies of New England. One was the son of a distinguished teacher in Kentucky. One more a pupil at a famous Jesuit seminary in Lower Canada. The rest had had no educational advantages worth speaking of. Four of our number had seen service with the volunteers at the front. One had walked barefooted from Lake Champlain to Washington to win his appointment from Mr. Lincoln, and, taking it by and large, as the sailors say, of the twelve classes I have seen enter West Point, ours was by long odds the most bucolical looking of the lot.

DRILLING PLEBES.

And so our cadet instructors seemed to find us. Divided into squads of two or three we were turned over to the tender mercies of those aspirants for corporalships, whose rank on the list would depend on the success achieved with their respective squads. There was apparently only one system recognized. Forbidden to lay hands on the charges, and prohibited the use of the corporal's along, when all would be dignity and decorum.

But these three drills a day wrought wonderful changes in the "setting up" and carriage of our "Johnny Raws," even before the uniforms were made. It was a point of honor with the cadet instructors to have large squads of plebes ready for guard duty by the Fourth of July. Several of our class went on guard several days before, and I was one of them, and an eventful time we had of it, as a future chapter shall tell.

CHARLES KING.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

FOR SUNDAY READING.

An Unfortunate State.

"The church was awfully cold this morning," said Mrs. Hicks, with a shiver. "Yes," returned Hicks. "There are times when the terrors of Hades as described by the parson are not particularly appalling.

Rev. Plink Plunk On Donations.

If de membahs of dis congregashun who are so liberal in donatin' buttons to de basket, deah breddern, would only change de program a little by droppin' in a needle an' thred once in a while fo' de purpose ob sewin' on dose buttons de pastor would feel deeply gratiful for dere thoughtfulness.

No Work On Sunday.

Hicks—What do you mean by flying your kite on Sunday? What does the commandments say about such things?

Dick Hicks—"The seventh day is the Sabbath, when you don't have to work."

Sceptical.

Elder Berry—It is no use trying to convince Joblots of the truth of inspired writing.

Dr. Thirdly—What is he sceptical about now?

Elder Berry—About two sparrows being sold for a farthing.

Never Missed a Chance.

Visiting Clergyman—Are you never troubled with thoughts of wasted opportunities.

Convict—Well, no; I can't remember ever missing a chance for a haul.

Severe Congestive Colds

cured at once by Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure. It allays fever, abates chills and checks tight, barking cough. No opium. 50 cts.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of good health. But with all the precaution we may take there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Scrofula and other impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations, and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease. It builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, vitalizes, enriches and

Purifies the Blood

And assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver. If you need a good medicine you should certainly take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass

100 Doses One Dollar

ROPED INTO THE OFFICE

HOW HE CAUGHT THE CROWD.

The Remarkable Manner in Which an Innocent Invalid Became the Passive Instrument in the Hands of a New Mexico Mob.

"Two or three weeks ago," said Col. E. T. Ainsworth, of Warsaw, Mo., "I read in the Chicago *Tribune* the sad story of the girl the redness of whose nose drove her to the dishonored grave of a suicide. It reminded me of a little experience that came my way. I never see or hear of a red nose, or in fact anything else of a crimson tint, but I think of the little turn-up the boys had at Raton, N. M. It is a little town just up in the corner of the territory, and might as well be in Colorado or Kansas, if it weren't in New Mexico. I was down in that section buying cattle, and coming up on the uncertain freight, was involved in a wreck just outside of Raton. I was laid up growing ribs together and humoring bruises for three or four weeks, and from preference used to sit down at the station for sun baths.

"The care-taker of the depot was an old sailor, who in a fit of peevishness had wandered far away from his natural element, and was eternally kicking himself for it. He amused himself and interested me by tying all manner of difficult knots with an old bell-cord. Soon I could make Turk's heads, bow-

JUST DROPPED INTO TOWN

line hitches, half-hitches, double bows, true-lover, square, and any sort of a picturesque knot known to the merchant marine.

"One particular knot in which I became morbidly proficient was a hangman's noose. It was a beauty, and, having nothing else to do, I would dreamily speculate how it would feel to be hung by such a daisy noose; two turns of the wrist and I had it ready for business. I began to fear that I'd get 'locoed' admiring it some day and hang myself by way of experiment. Every one in Raton knew of my artistic skill, and I would frequently have leaves of the platform, the appreciative residents crowding around to see it done. They would round up strangers who came to town and bring 'em to see me make a hangman's knot.

"One day a big discharged Santa Fe brakeman of the name of Jim Devine dropped into town and thought he would run it awhile. The marshal was over at Trinidad and Devine, who was drunk when he struck Raton, and grew more so hourly, had a good deal of fun. He was known as a fighter, and had a gun or two, and it was quite dangerous for one to let him have which ever side of the street he needed, all to himself. Along toward night he smashed a inoffensive stranger over the head with the butt of his six-shooter, and then jumped on his victim.

"It wasn't Raton style, and the populace arose and ran Devine out over the prairie, catching him after a two-mile sprint. Devine was very hostile when captured, partly from natural nerve and partly from whisky. He talked unrighteously, and reviled his captors with all the wrath of a freight brakeman's vocabulary. Cimmaron, the county seat, was twenty miles away, and the nearest deputy sheriff was at Otero, which was five miles distant, so Devine was closeherded in the shed back of the store. About 8 o'clock the deputy sheriff rode in and relieved the man's guard, himself and two personal friends sitting with the prisoner, aiming to take him to Cimmaron the next day. The boys went over to the Cowboy's Rest to talk it over.

"'This man Devine is surely due to kill,' said Bill Angel, a six-foot, vivacious person, but of deep-seated ideas of right. He had but lattely returned from a fence-cutting expedition into Texas and was waiting for some other British monopoly to put up a three-wire boundary around an American range. 'I wish I hadn't been over to Trinidad with Charlie; I'd a-reached his mane for him.'

"'You wouldn't roached no mane quicker'n the rest of us,' said Tom Belden, rather resentful of the implied rebuke. 'I was over to a neighbor's myself an' didn't git here till the 6 o'clock train; but, outside all mention of our whereabouts previous, we're here now. They'll take this critter over to Cimmaron, he stakes a law sharp to what he has, an' what happens? He gits sixty days or maybe gits clean off. Whether it turns high or low, us taxpayers gits it in the neck. I've heard that this feller killed a Mexican woman down to Porter, an' he looks to me like a critter that had an uncommon liking for other people's hosses about four years back over near Dodge.

"'He's the man that was a-ridin' in the cab with Beardsley when Jim run his engine into that gang of Porter & Couthier's cattle last winter, an' killed four steers an' himself. This yer Devine gits off without carry scratch, an' yit he jist niged on Beardsley till he run down them steers. He's what old Axtell calls a axsessory, which is law fer a low down cuss, I takes it.' I was old man Brush who spoke, an honest man from the Pecos, and one with stern notions of virtue. 'We ain't had no hangin' sence we roped that Mexican from the Ocate Mesa that time he comes up here an' prances through the street on his pinto tryin' to lariat them children. This town has been as peaceful as a quiet settled community ever, an' now along comes this hostile filled with Coolidge whisky an' a-givin' the municipal reputation a black eye by beatin' in the heads of innocent townists. Them lawyers 'll make a case of self-defense of it sure as he gits in court. W'at's the use of goin' agin a brace an' a burlesque when we all knows he needs killin', an' has been standin' off too long. Beside, we has a gentleman temporarily in our midst which is a world-beater on h angman's knots. It's a speshal Providence, gentlemen, that Mr. Ainsworth was fired out o' that caboose inter the pile of ties which laid him up. We allus had troubles with knots; that there Mexican as I allooded to in passing had to be fixed a matter of four times. Even if Devine gits the worst of it for cavin' in this St. Looey feller's head he won't have no sech a rope as our esteemed but transhunt friend, Mr. Ainsworth, can make.'

"Of the whole town meeting I was the only one who voted against the punishment. The crowd went over to the store and told the deputy sheriff they needed the prisoner a little while and he could have him when they finished. They gave me a nice, new bell rope, borrowed from a passenger-car that had been sidetracked and I felt a sense of the obligation reposing on me to make use of my unfortunate accomplishment. Devine was proud and defiant. There were plenty of guns in the crowd for me if I refused to act or Devine if he broke away. I fixed the knot under his ear all right. The only talk he made was to me.

"'Good by,' he said; 'you can't helo it, I know, and your being here to do it makes it an easier trip for me.'

"There were plenty of men at the other end, and presently Devine was hanging six feet from the ground, pendant from the crosstree of a telegraph pole. 'It's a heap more satisfyin' than them old slip-knots,' remarked old Brush to the gathered population, and then all returned with their lanterns to the Cowboys' Rest saloon, to discuss plans for sending home the remains of the unlucky St. Louis man. I didn't go with them and I didn't sleep much. Early the next morning I took my crutches and walked over toward the track. It was misty and drizzling, and I couldn't see Jim. But he was there all safe enough, as I found when I came nearer. The face was as pallid and white as are the faces of corpses in general, but the nose, and Jim had a generous endowment in that respect, was as red as a brick house. It stood out that morning like an auction flag, and it haunts me still."

AS SPOKEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

English as it is Taught by a Pretty Berks County School Teacher.

She was a buxom, ruddy cheeked, clear-eyed Berks county maiden of 20, neatly dressed, smug, and tidy, a teacher of a country school in Heidelberg township; probably as bright a young schoolmarm as could be found anywhere hereabout; one from whose red lips the mongrel English dialect of the region fell more softly and with less uncouthness then usually characterizes the speech of the Pennsylvania Dutch. It was on an afternoon this week, and she stood at the blackboard before a mixed class of little girls and boys, elucidating some mysteries in reading and writing. She seemed a trifle embarrassed by the presence of half a dozen plumbers who had fled to the log schoolhouse for refuge from a sudden shower, but this embarrassment only served to heighten the brightness of her cheek and eye, and to increase the earnestness which she threw into her demonstration.

With a piece of chalk she traced on the blackboard the letters:

"P—i—g."

Then, addressing her pupils, she asked.

"Vos is dos?"

The class responded instantly, in loud chorus. "Pick."

"Yes," said the teacher proudly, "I gif you reighdt. How many kindts of pick?"

There was a pause, and then a little black-headed urchin spoke up. "Three kindts!"

"Ah yes, I gif you reighdt again once," responded the fair school mistress, smiling with evident satisfaction at her pupils' creditable showing. "First"—and she waited with wooden pointer in air for an answer.

"Von wot grunts," suggested several of the children at once.

"Yes," nodded the teacher, with a rising inflection denoting her pleasure; and second?"

"Von pick to dick (dig) with," answered a yellow-haired little fellow.

"Yes, and the thirdt kindt?"

Another pause, and then the answer came from a thin-faced little girl, wearing glasses.

"Von to pick up!"

"Ah, yes," cried the teacher triumphanly, glancing at the visitors, and proceeding to write down the definitions in order on the blackboard.

The picnickers withdrew, silently convulsed with merriment, afraid to trust themselves longer in the school room to hear more of the same vein. They are well-known Reading folks, and they vouch for the correctness of the recitation as above reported. If surprise should be expressed at the state of English culture revealed both by the teacher and her pupils let it be stated that she is about as far in advance of her cliental as teachers in more favored communities are of theirs. A similar picture could no doubt be drawn of common schools in many other back townships of Berks, and of Lehigh, Lancaster and Lebanon as well. The truth is that the chief disadvantage of these worthy people is their lack of booklearning. In natural intelligence, sturdy honesty, and thrift they are considerably above the average, but they cling tenaciously to old customs and entertain an inherited disregard for culture.

Among other old customs was a peculiarly quaint one, in vogue in Reading as recently as twenty-five years ago. From 10 o'clock at night until daybreak special watchmen patrolled each street every hour, announcing in a sing-song voice the time of night and the condition of the weather. The first patrol, for instance, would say in broken Berks as he marched:

"It's 10 o'clogk at neighdt, and the moon shines breighdt." Or, on the next trip, if the weather happened to change, he would drawl out: "It's 11 o'clock a-neighdt, and it's makin' sometings town like frizzle." That is to say, there was falling weather, and rain was beginning to come down in a drizzle.

In this fashion the Pennsylvania Dutch still render legitimate German idioms bodily into bad English. "I gif you reighdt," is their ordinary way of saying "I agree with you," or "I coincide in your opinion." "Tie that bag loose," is an expression often used here in lieu of "untie that bag."

Another quaint custom, presumably derived from the Fatherland, and still prevailing in many smaller towns in eastern Pennsylvania, and even westward beyond the center of the State, is the practice of sending men or boys up and down the streets with a bell to announce auction sales. The crier usually rings his bell continuously along half a block or so and then shouts:

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, auction, auction, reighdt away town at——'s, at —o'clogk sharp; come von, come all, and brink your friends alongk!" Then the bell again. In the experience of nine-tenths of all who ever heard such announcements, all the words are clearly rendered except the important and essential ones giving the addresses, and those are abominably mumbled and made absolutely unintelligible. Doubtless Shakespeare had a like phenomenon in mind when he made Prince Hamlet say to the players. "I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines."

For the Blade.

THE TARIFF AS A TAX.

The Intelligent Voter to the Calamity Editor.

Come, tell me, Mister Editor,
For what I want is facts,
How is it now you make it out
The tariff is a tax?
If it be so, I want to know
Why people everywhere,
From far off Maine to Western plain,
More prosperous never were?

Why is it you and all your tribe,
From York to Cinderville,
Presume to hate and execrate
McKinley's tariff bill
As something dreadfully at war
With interest very dear
To every one?—Are you in fun?—
It seems so very queer.

For everything is very cheap
From staples to knicknacks
And yet you say from day to day
The tariff is a tax.
If taxes make our burdens light,
Or lift them from our backs,
Why, surely I cannot deny
The tariff is a tax.

But, as we know, it is not so,
For taxes grind and grind
And weight us down unto the groend
In manner quite unkind—
But I suspect you fellers all
Are moulders just like wax
And purchased are and bound to swear
The tariff is a tax,

Or else you mean it in a way
That's not exactly said,
To wit: the tax by it imposed
By foreigners is paid—
Paid by the lordly grasping hands
Of millionaires by birth—
The autocrats of other lands
Who only "want the earth,"
If that's your meaning, why, of course
Your cry all mystery lacks,
And as for me, I quite agree,
The tariff is a tax.
Tiffin, O., Oct. 11, 1891. M. T. M.

Have You Asthma?

You can try Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free of charge. It will give instant relief in worst cases. His method of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2 cents. Name Toledo BLADE, and send your address for free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

Yellow Flowers Bring Ill Luck.

Actors have a queer superstition about yellow flowers, and will not wear them. While at Dr. Todd's booth at the fair grounds yesterday, Miss Marie Greenwood saw some yellow flowers and, after admiring them, asked for them. Mr. Gaibertson, her leading man, was present and begged her not to take them, saying they would surely bring her ill luck. A laugh was indulged in at his expense, and she took the yellow flowers. In an hour the opera house was in ashes, and Miss Greenwood's ill luck had cost her $7,500. The flowers got in their work. —[Owensboro (Ky.) Register.

An Insect That Gets Drunk.

Drunkenness is the failing of the Hercules beetle, a South American insect. It sometimes attains a growth of six inches in length. It is said that it rasps the bark from the slender branches of the mammae tree until the juice flows. This it drinks until it drops to the ground intoxicated.

A Foul-Mouthed Woman

is even worse than a foul-mouthed man. But no one need be foul-mouthed if they will only use SOZODONT and rub it in well. Don't spare the brush and spoil the mouth, as some parents do with their children when they withhold the rod.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Arbor Vitæ.

Farmer, Iowa: The editor cannot give you all the information you require regarding the arbor vitæ. The thuja occidentalis, or American arbor vitæ, thrives best on upland. It may be propagated by layers or cuttings, or by sowing the seed in boxes. It requires protection from frosts for the first two years. Will some subscriber of THE BLADE have the kindness to give the information for which Farmer asks? The answer should embrace when to gather the seed, when to plant and how, and also how to cultivate.

Catarrh in Sheep—Cow's Eye Hurt.

M. B., Butler county, Pennsylvania: Sheep are subject to catarrh in the fall, winter and spring. Sheep should be kept in a dry atmosphere, and should not be permitted at any time to stand out while ther is rain. The yard in which they are kept should be dry. If there is moisture in the ground the stock should have bedding. Confining sheep in close quarters, without proper ventilation, also leads to catarrh. Mr. Stewart, referring to treatment for catarrh in sheep, says: "The treatment consists in removal of the cause—good nursing, administering slightly warm, mucilaginous drinks, as oatmeal gruel or linseed tea, along with a stimulant, such as half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. The antiseptic effects of a small quantity of clean pine tar rubbed upon the sheep's nose, some of which the animal will lick off and swallow, will be beneficial. If there is fever, and the nose is dry and hot, the following may be given: Epsom salts, ½ oz.; saltpetre, 1 drachm; ground ginger, 1 drachm. This should be mixed with molasses, and placed on the back part of the tongue with a long, narrow sputtula. The animal's head should be held up until the whole is swallowed in repeated small quantities; or the dose may be mixed with thin gruel and administered by means of a small horn." The fact that the wound made near your cow's eye by a pitchfork has puffed out with unhealthy-looking sores, and that pus oozes from the wound, indicates that there is proud flesh, and that there is an absence of granulating strength along the wound to result in healing. The injured part should be poulticed with linseed meal for three or four days. Sprinkle fully a tablespoonful of pulverized charcoal and a dessert spoonful of burnt alum on each poultice. The poultice should be renewed daily. After poulticing well, carefully wash with warm soapsuds water. Then take of chloride of zinc, 1 drachm, and water, 1 pint, and inject the wound to the bottom for two or three times once a day. If the proud flesh does not disappear, sprinkle it with burnt alum. In all cases of this kind if a veterinary surgeon can be had it is better to have him treat the animal, as there may at times be a cancerous growth that must be removed with the knife.

Good Qualities of Two Kinds of Corn

G. A. C. H., Missouri: If it is desired to hybridize corn, fertilization must occur through the pollen. Plant a hill of the small yellow corn of which you speak, near to another variety, alternating the hills along the row. The editor has not seen the pamphlet from the U. S. Agricultural department, of which Secretary Rusk is at the head, advising the farmers to remove the tassels from corn in order to prevent the barrenness of some and to increase the yield? The object is to confine the vigor of the plant within smaller limits than natural growth. But just how an infertile stalk of corn can be made fertile by cutting off the tassel is not readily seen. If such a pamphlet has been issued, tests have no doubt been made and the results published.

Mangy Horses.

J. R., Indiana: The first thing to be done in mange is to clean the stall thoroughly and sprinkle the floor and side of the stall as well as feed through with carobonic acid 1 oz., stirred in a gallon of water. The brush should be dipped in the water and the curry comb, harness, etc., cleaned. Wash the part attacked by the parasite on the animal with soap and warm water. If there are scabs or scruff, grease well unsalted lard for a day, then use the soap and water. After drying, rub with powdered stavesacre seed, 6 ozs.; oil of origanum, 2 ozs.; cacao butter, 2 ozs.; melt the stavesacre and butter over a half cold fire, constantly stirring them for two hours, pour into a bowl and stir in the origanum when nearly cold. After 12 days repeat the application to destroy all nits.

To Destroy Gophers.

G. E. B., Nebraska: Many ways have been devised for destroying that pest to the farmer, the gopher, while but few have proven of any value. The methods are either too expensive or too slow in doing the work. Bisulphide of carbon has met with some favor. A few drops are dropped into the hole where the gopher enters, and the hole quickly closed. The gopher in the hole is at once suffocated. When there are but few of the animals the slower method of trapping may be resorted to. The United States government is, and has been, giving this question much attention, and it is to be hoped that the investigations will have a favorable result.

Mare Buds Her Tail.

E. R. W., Luzerne county, Pennsylvania: The itching may be either from mange parasites or thread worms. Examine the tail to see if it shows scruffiness or whether there is any exudation. If so, treat for mange, by boiling ½ oz. tobacco in a pint of water until the decoction is strong. Wash the tail with warm water and soap, and then rub the decoction well in. Repeat it afterward twice, 10 days apart. If the mare is troubled with thread worms, first clean out the rectum with an ordinary soap and water injection, and then inject per rectum liquor of perchloride of iron, 1½ ozs.; freshly made lime water, qs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fighting Bogus Butter.

An "International Agricultural Congress" was recently held at The Hague, in Holland. One of the chief topics discussed was the best means for suppressing the sale of oleomargarine or, as they called it, "bosh" butter. The congress finally proposed that an international agreement should be made that would enable the authorities to prosecute in each country the accomplices in the act of adulteration discovered in any one of the countries bound by the agreement. Fertilizers were afterwards added to the list of articles named to be subjected to such treatment. The trouble now is that while dealers in England and France can be fined, the manufacturers in Holland go free. Consul Gardner reports from Holland that 165,000,000 pounds of "bosh" butter were made in that country during 1890. He also says: "Consciously or ignorantly, in European countries, and, I think, also in the United States, a very large percentage of the less well-to-do people must eat substitute butter. I have official statistics before me as I write which show, after a trifle of computation, that if all the milk of all the cows in Great Britain were devoted to butter making, the utmost possible average product of a year would be just four ounces per week per head of population."

It seems that the European manufacture of bogus butter is settling in Holland. In 1890 that country bought 93,240,000 pounds of American oleo oil to be made into the "bosh" stuff. The demand for our oleo oil is increasing rapidly, so rapidly in fact, that it might all be shipped abroad to advantage without making a single pound of "bosh" butter here.

Foul in the Feet of Cattle.

The peculiar form of the foot of the ox renders it especially liable to the lodgment of dirt and filth within the cleft of the hoof, and if suffered to remain forms a source of irritation and subsequent lameness. The well cleansing of the foot will, in many cases, be all that is required to bring about a cure. Occasionally, however, when we examine the foot we find a discharge of an acrid, fetid nature from the cleft, attended with an unhealthy, raw surface, and in neglected cases a mass of fungoid granulations, more commonly known as proud flesh. The form of foul in the foot is attended with considerable swelling in the legs, intense lameness and a considerable amount of tenderness on pressure. The animal will suffer constitutionally and be off his feed. Indeed, the loss of milk and condition in a dairy beast is often very considerable. The treatment of foul should consist, first of all, in removing the cause of irritation, cleanse out the cleft by washing with warm water, then envelop in a bran and linseed meal poultice; to restore the parts use a liniment of sulphate of copper, as will be hereafter described. A piece of tow soaked in this liniment should be kept in the cleft. The animal should be kept on a dry floor, and littered upon clean straw. Disease of the feet, though as a distinct affection is but rarely found in cattle, the very serious cases sometimes seen being generally the result of over driving or of being kept on wet floors, as distillery fed cattle. In these cases paring out the feet, removing any diseased horn, rest, cleanliness, and bedding on dry straw will form the basis of all subsequent treatment.—[Wm. Mole, M. R. C. V. S., in Farmers' Advocate.

Magnitude of the Dairy Products.

A contemporary says that $2,000,000,000 are invested in the dairy business of this country. It requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the milk and $200,000,000 worth of dairy and other agricultural machinery; 750,000 men and over 1,000,000 horses are required to do the work. To feed the cows and horses it takes each year 30,000,000 tons of hay, almost 900,000,000 bushels of corn meal, a large amount of oat meal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, besides brewery grains, sprouts, cotton-seed meal, etc. The total feed is estimated to be worth $450,000,000, and the cost of labor $180,000,000. The average yield is 450 gallons yearly per cow, or 6,750,000,000, which at twelve cents per gallon would net the farmers $81,000,000 per year, if sold as milk, but one-half is used in making butter and cheese. It takes 27 pounds of milk to make one pound of butter and 10 pounds to make a pound of cheese. Eight and a half pounds of milk has as much nutriment as one pound of beef, and as a fat steer has 50 per cent of boneless beef, it would require 24,000,000 steers weighing 1,500 pounds each to give the same food value as is given in the milk product.

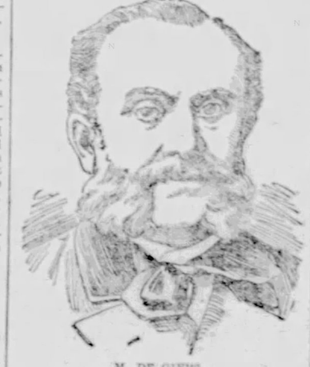
THE MISSION OF M. DE GIERS.

Portrait and Sketch of the Czar's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. de Giers is traveling from one seat

of government to another in Europe with business on hand evidently of great importance, but the nature of which can be conjectured only. The New York *Herald* publishes the report that his mission is to establish a league for the preservation of peace, which the Czar and his amiable wife are anxious shall be effected. That the report should prove true would be gratifying in itself, but the restless ambition of the leading military men of the Russian Empire and their enterprise in regions where conflict might be provoked at any time suggest the doubt whether even the mighty Czar could prevent the possibility of war on a grand scale. The existence of a huge standing army is always a menace to the preservation of peace.

Whether for peace or war the czar has an able diplomatic servant in Nicholas Carlovitch de Giers, of whom is here given an admirable portrait. The Russian minister of foreign affairs was born in 1820. He is of Swedish ancestry. When only 18 years old he entered the Asiatic department of the minister of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg. In 1841 he was attached to the Russian consulate in Moldavia. During the Hungarian campaign of 1848 he was employed as a diplomatic official at the headquarters of the Russian commander-in-chief,



M. DE GIERS.

where he gained great distinction and honor by his ability. In 1859 he was sent to Constantinople as first secretary of embassy. Subsequently he served the czar in Roumania, Egypt, Wallachia and Moldavia, prior to his appointment in 1863 as ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Teheran, where he advanced Russian interests with marked success. In 1869 he was made Russian minister to Berne, later to Stockholm, and in December, 1875, was appointed adjunct to the minister of foreign affairs and director of the Asiatic department, with a seat in the Senate. In 1876, and again the year after, in the absence of Gortschakoff, he had total direction of the foreign affairs of the empire, and since 1882 has been at the head of the Foreign department. M. de Giers is a niece of the great Gortschakoff.

M. de Giers knows how to be silent in a good many languages. He is one of most accomplished diplomatists of the age.

—The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

October Twilight—A Picture.

Through cold, gray clouds the evening star shines forth
A jewel set in lead;
Beneath, black woods and shadowy uplands lie
And, in its rocky bed,
A slow stream that doth reflect the last
Pale gleams from overhead.
—[Ray Wehlmeer in Boston Transcript.

Invalids and American Port Wine.

No American wines have received the endorsements that have been accorded to Speer's Port Grape Wine, Claret and Climax Brandy.

Why Gould Wept.

"Why do you suppose Jay Gould wept the other day?"

"I don't know, unless he had some stock that he was in a hurry to water. —[Washington Star.

At 4 a. m.

"There's a light in the window for you, Jenkins."

"Hic—yes—and the meanest part of—hic—it is, I'm p—hic—paying for it. —[The Epoch.

"Who Enters Here," Etc.

In India a hotelkeeper has had printed on

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE'S SERMON ON SUNDAY.

He Opposes Government Ownership of Railroads and Telegraphs—Slavery of Egypt and To-day Contrasted and Compared.

Dr. Talmage's sermon on Sunday was upon the subject, "Bricks Without Straw," a continuation of the series on the confirmation of the Holy Scripture, which Dr. Talmage found in his journey from the Pyramids to the Acropolis. His text was Isaiah xix. 1: "The Burden of Egypt."

What is all this excitement about in the streets of Cairo, Egypt, this December morning in 1889? Stand back! We hear loud voices and see the crowds of people retreating to the sides of the streets. The excitement of others becomes our own excitement. Footmen come in sight. They have a rod in the hand and tasseled cap on head, and their arms and feet are bare. Their garb is black to the waist, except as threaded with gold, and the rest is white. They are clearing the way for an official dignitary in a chariot or carriage. They are swift and sometimes run 80 or 40 miles at a stretch in front of an equipage. Make way! They are the fleetest-footed men on earth, but they soon die, for the human frame was not made for such endurance. I asked all around me who the man in the carriage was, but no one seemed to know. Yet as I fell back with the rest to the wall I said, This is the old custom found all up and down the Bible, footmen running before the rulers, demanding obeisance, as in Genesis before Joseph's chariot the people were commanded, "Bow the knee," and as I see the swift feet of the men, followed by the swift feet of the horses, how those old words of Jeremiah rushed through my mind: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?"

Now, my hearers, in this course of sermons I am only serving you as footman, and clearing the way for your coming into the wonders of Egyptology, a subject I would have you study far beyond anything that can be said in the brevity of pulpit utterance. Two hundred and eighty-nine times does the Bible refer to Egypt and Egyptians. No wonder, for Egypt was the mother of nations. Egypt, the mother of Greece; Greece, the mother of Rome; Rome, the mother of England; England, the mother of our own land. According to that, Egypt is our great-great grandmother. On other Sabbaths I left you studying what they must have been in their glory; the Hypostyle Hall of Karnac, the architectural miracles at Luxor, the Colonnade of Horemheb, the cemeteries of Memphis, the value of a kingdom in one monument, the Sphinx, which with lips of stone speaks loud enough to be heard across the centuries, Heliopolis and Zoan, the conservatorium of the archæologists. But all that extravagance of palace and temple and monument was the cause of an oppression high as heaven, and deep as hell. The weight of those blocks of stone, heavier than any modern machinery could lift, came down upon the Hebrew slaves, and their blood mixed the mortar for their trowels.

We saw again and again on and along the Nile a boss workman roughly smite a subordinate who did not please him. It is no rare occurrence to see long lines of men under heavy burdens passing by task masters at short distances, lashing them as they go by into greater speed, and then these workmen, exhausted with the blasting heats of the day, lying down upon the bare ground, suddenly chilled with the night air, crying out in prayer, "Ya! Allah!" "Ya! Allah!" which means Oh! God! Oh! God! But what must have been the olden times cruelty shown by the Egyptians towards their Israelitish slaves is indicated by a picture in the Beni-Hassan tombs, where a man is held down on his face by two men and another holds up the victim's feet while the officials beat the bare back of the victim, every stroke, I have no doubt, fetching the blood.

Now you see how the Pharaohs could afford to build such costly works. It cost them nothing for wages, nothing but the tears and blood of the toilers, and tears and blood are a cheap drink for devils. "Bricks without straw" may not suggest so much hardship until you know that the bricks were usually made with "crushed straw," straw crushed by the feet of the oxen in the threshing, and, this crushed straw denied to the workmen, they had to pick up here and there a piece of stubble or gather rushes from the water-side. This story of the Bible is confirmed by the fact that many of the brick walls of Egypt have on the lower layers bricks made with straw, but the higher layers of brick made out of rough straw, or rushes from the river bank, the truth of the book of Exodus thus written in the brick walls discovered by the modern explorers.

That government outrage has always been a characteristic of Egyptian rulers. Taxation to the point of starvation was the Egyptian rule in the Bible times as well as it is in our own times. A modern traveler gives the figures concerning the cultivation of seventeen acres, the value of the yield of the field stated in piastres:

Produce	1,802
Expenses	903½
Clear produce	898½
Taxes	403
Amount cleared by the farmer	815½

Or, as my authority declares, 70 per cent of what the Egyptian farmer makes, is paid for taxes to the government. Now, that is not so much taxation as assassination. What think you of that? You who groan under heavy taxes in America? I have heard that in Egypt the working people have a song like this: "They starve us, they starve us, they beat us, they beat us, but there's some one above, there's some one above, who will punish them well, who will punish them well." But 70 per cent of government tax in Egypt is a mercy as compared to what the Hebrew slaves suffered there in Bible times. They got nothing but food hardly fit for a dog and their clothing was of one rag, and their roof a burning sky by day and the stars of heaven by night. You say, "Why did they stand it?" Because they had to stand it. You see along back in the world's twilight there was a famine in Canaan, and old Jacob and his sons came to Egypt for bread. The old man's boy Joseph, was prime minister, and Joseph—I suppose the father and brothers called him Joe, for it does not make any difference how much a boy is advanced in worldly success, his brothers and his sisters always call him by the same name that he was called by when two years old—Joseph, by Pharaoh's permission, gave to his family, who had just arrived, the richest part of Egypt, the Westchester farms, or the Lancaster farms of the ancients. Jacob's descendants rapidly multiplied. After awhile Egypt took a turn at famine, and those descendants of Jacob, the Israelites, came to a great store-house which Joseph had provided, and paid in money for corn. But after awhile the money gave out and then they paid in cattle. After awhile the cattle were all in possession of the government and then the Hebrews bought corn from the government by surrendering themselves as slaves.

Then began slavery in Egypt. The government owned all the Hebrews. And let modern lunatics, who in America propose handing over telegraph companies and railroads and other things to be run by government, see the folly of letting government get its hand on everything. I would rather trust the people than any government the United States ever had or will have. Woe unto the day when legislators and Congresses and administrations get possession of anything more than it is necessary for them to have. That would be the revival in this land of that old Egyptian tyranny for which God has never had anything but red-hot thunderbolts. But through such unwise processes Israel was enslaved in Egypt, and the long line of agonies began up and down the Nile.

To the Egyptians of the Nile was a deity. Its waters was then, as now, very delicious. It was the finest natural beverage of all the earth. We have no such love for the Hudson, and Germans have no such love for the Rhine, and Russians have no such love for the Volga, as the Egyptians have love for the Nile. But one day when Pharaoh comes down to this river, Moses takes a stick and whips the waters, and they turn into the gore of a slaughter house, and through the sluices and fish ponds the incardinated liquid backs up into the land and the malador whelms everything from mud hovel to throne-room. Then came the frogs with horrible croak all over everything. Then this people, cleanly almost to fastidiousness, were infested with insects that belong to the filthy and unkempt, and the air buzzed and buzzed with flies, and then the distemper started among the cattle, horses neighing and camels groaning, as they rolled over and expired. And then the boils, one of which will put a man in wretchedness, came in clusters from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. And then the clouds dropped hail and lightning. An then locusts came in, swarms of them, worse than the grasshoppers ever were in Kansas, and then darkness dropped for three days so that the people could not see their hands before their face, great surges of midnight covering them. And last of all, on the night of the 18th of April, about eighteen hundred years before Christ, the Destroying Angel sweeps past; and hear it all night long, the flap! flap! flap! of his awful wings until Egypt rolled on, a great hearse, the eldest child dead in every Egyptian home. The eldest son of Pharaoh expired that night in the palace, and all along the streets of Memphis and Heliopolis, and all up and down the Nile there was a funeral wail that would have rent the fold of the unnatural darkness if it had not been impenetrable.

The Israelitish homes, however, were untouched. But these homes were full of preparation, for now is your chance, O ye wronged Hebrews! Snatch up what pieces of food you can and to the desert! Its simoons are better than the bondage you have suffered. Its scorpions will not sting so sharply as the wrongs that have stung you all your days. The man who was cradled in the basket of papyrus on the Nile will lead you. Up! Up! This is the night of your rescue. They gather together at a signal. Alexander's armies and all the armies of olden time were led by torches on high poles, great crests of fire; and the Lord Almighty kindles a torch not held by human hands, but by omnipotent hand. Not made out of straw or oil, but kindled out of the atmosphere, such a torch as the world never saw before and never will see again. It reached from the earth into the heavens, a pillar of fire, that pillar practically saying, "This way! March this way!" On that supernatural flambeau more than a million refugees set their eyes. Moses and Aaron led on. Then come the families of Israel. Then come the herds and flocks moving on across the sands to what is the beach of waters now called Bahr-el-Kulzum, but called in the Bible the Red sea. And when I dipped my hands in its blue waters the heroics of the Mosaic passage rolled over me.

But before I forget it I must put more emphasis upon the fact that the last outrage that resulted in the liberation of the Hebrews was their being compelled to make bricks without straw. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. God would allow the despotism against his people to go no further. Making brick without straw!

That oppression still goes on. Demand of your wife appropriate wardrobe and bountiful table without providing the means necessary: Bricks without straw. Cities demanding in the public school faithful and successful instruction without giving the teachers competent livelihood: Bricks without straw. United States government demanding of senators and congressmen at Washington full attendance to the interests of the people, but on compensation which may have done well enough when 25 cents went as far as a dollar now, but in these times not sufficient to preserve their influence and respectability: Bricks without straw. In many parts of the land churches demanding of pastors vigorous sermons and sympathetic service on starvation salary, sanctified Ciceros on $400 a year: Bricks without straw. That is one reason why there are so many poor bricks. In all departments, bricks not even, or bricks that crumble, or bricks that are not bricks at all. Work adequately paid for is worth more than work not paid for. More straw and then better bricks.

But in all departments there are Pharaohs; sometimes Capital a Pharoah, and sometimes Labor a Pharoah. When Capital prospers, and makes large percentage on its investment, and declines to consider the needs of its operatives, and treats them as so many human machines, their nerves no more than the bands on the factory wheel—then Capital is a Pharoah. On the other hand, when workmen, not regarding the anxieties and business struggles of the firm employing them, and at a time when the firm are doing their very best to meet an important contract and need all hands busy to accomplish it, at such a time to have his employes make a strike and put their employers into extreme perplexity and severe loss—then Labor becomes a Pharoah of the worst oppression, and must look out for the judgments of God.

But it rolls over on me with great power the thought that we have all been slaves down in Egypt, and sin has been our taskmaster, and again and again we have felt its lash. But Christ has been our Moses to lead us out of bondage, and we are forever free. The Red sea of a Saviour's sacrifice rolls deep and wide between us and our aforetime bondage, and though there may be deserts yet for us to cross, we are on the way to the Promised Land. Thanks be unto God for this emancipating gospel! Come up out of Egypt all ye who are yet enslaved. What Christ did for us he will do for you. "Exodus!" is the word. Exodus! Instead of the brick kilns of Egypt come into the emptupied vineyards of God where one cluster of grapes is bigger than the one that the spies brought to the Israelites by the brook of Eshcol, though that cluster was so large that it was "borne between two on a staff."

Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

Ex-Empress Eugenie paid 200,000 francs for six acres of land near Monaco, where she intends to build her villa.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectoration, and induces repose. Cap. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequaled as a remedy for colds and coughs."—J. G. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Call For

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles $5.

"All she lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's—we know it as curves and dimples.

What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 88

The Camp Fire.

Word From the Navy.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Though born in the Buckeye state, at Findlay, my parents emigrated to the Lone Star state when I was a small boy, and when the war broke out we were located near the northern boundary of Texas. My father was a strong Union man, and fought secession until he was notified that if he did not desist he would be hung. And as more than sixty men had already met death in that manner in the adjoining county, father thought best to heed the warning. Men there were either compelled to fight for Jeff Davis or be hung—unless they were fortunate enough to escape and reach the Federal lines. Many made the attempt who were overtaken and murdered. Notwithstanding there was much danger in leaving the country, I determined to start, as I had made up my mind that I would never strike a blow against my country's flag.

My father finally received notice that he would either have to join the rebel army or suffer the consequences; and as he saw there was no other way, he attached himself to a battalion that was being formed in our neighborhood. He was a physician, and was chosen as surgeon of the command. This was in 1863. After my father had been in the service about three months, I made a break for liberty. I knew the Johnnies would conscript me in a short time, so a young friend about my own age (16) and myself left our homes for the mouth of Red river, where we heard there were some Union gunboats stationed, to keep the rebel steamboats from getting out into the Mississippi. We traveled on foot to Jefferson, Texas, which was 150 miles from our starting point. We had about $3 in Confederate money when we started, and as we had to pay $2 for a night's lodging our money did not last long. When that gave out, we had to beg our way. When we reached Jefferson, we concluded to try "hooting it," as our feet were nearly given out.

A river ran past Jefferson, which was deep enough at times for small stern-wheel boats to come up as far as that town. We looked around and secured a very good skiff, and while everybody was at dinner, or out of sight, we pushed off, without asking the owner's consent for the use of the boat. We had only one oar, but as we were sailing down stream we got along very well. Hugh Hudson was the name of the boy that was with me. He was sitting in the front of the boat, facing me, while I was paddling the boat and sitting on the rear seat. Looking straight ahead, across the bend of the river, I saw about a hundred rebel cavalrymen drawn up and down the river, seemingly watching for something to come down stream. We were then six or eight miles from our starting point, and the first thing that entered my mind was, that the rebs were watching for us. But what did they want with us? Of course we stole the skiff, but how did they know that? Just about the time I discovered them they saw us. In an undertone I told Hugh to keep still. I then shoved the boat into the thick underbrush and cane that lined the bank, the water having overflown the bank for about thirty or forty yards. The Johnnies came after us as fast as they could. Running their horses up abreast of us, and commanding us to halt, they gave us a broadside; but by the time they got opposite to us, the river being about fifty or sixty yards wide we were safe astonishing and raising like scared wolves. That was the last we saw of them. We then went back and struck the regular Shreveport road, which place we reached after fifty miles of hard walking. A boat reached Shreveport the same evening we got there, and started down to Alexandria the next morning. I saw the captain of the boat and told him we were Confederate soldiers on leave of absence, lived at Alexandria, and wanted to work our way down. He said: "All right—go below and report to the mate for duty." We left the next morning and when a few miles above our destination we stopped and took in a load of corn for the rebel army. When we reached Alexandria the steamer was laid up, as the mouth of the river was guarded by gunboats. Now we did not know what to do. Surrounded by an army of fifteen or twenty thousand rebel soldiers, nobody was allowed to go out or come in without passes. Provost guards in all directions, and no friends and no money. Where there is a will there is a way, and we did not despair. There was a large cotton-clad gunboat called the Grand Duke, being fitted up to take in the Yankee gunboats that were said to be coming up the river. We concluded to go on board and enlist as cabin boys, as a placard stuck up on the wharf informed us that the boat wanted a few more boys. As this was the only chance, we went on board and made arrangements to go to work that day. Upon inquiry, that the boat would go down the river soon. This boat was armed with two 32-pounders, which were placed on the forecastle, and without any protection to the gunners whatever; and they expected to blow the Yankee boats clear out of the water!—JOHN M. PATTERSON, U. S. Steamers Lafayette and Vanderbilt.

[To be continued.]

A Little Prison Experience.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—As I was in nearly all the rebel prisons of the South during the war, I had a good opportunity to see "the animal" in its true colors. When the Johnnies were moving us from one prison pen to another, and as we passed the towns and cities of Rebeldom, men and women would rush out of houses "to see the show"—a band of starving men, whose filthy rags scarcely covered their nakedness—and crack their jokes and exchange badinage with the guards when an especially forlorn-looking prisoner passed by. The citizens would carry pies and other delicacies to the guards; and if the Yanks possessed any greenbacks, the Confederates would sell to such a supply of eatables. Sometimes, however, the citizens would get hold of some poor prisoner's money, and then run away without giving anything in return, laughing among themselves at the smart trick they had played on the Yank. And perhaps the loser was some poor fellow who had given up the last money he had, in hopes of getting potatoes or other vegetables that would counteract the effects of the scurvy. In all my travels as a prisoner I never knew a Southerner to offer a Union soldier a drink of water unless he was able to pay well for it. Flour brought, in greenbacks, $340 for a 100-pound sack, and potatoes were $10 a dozen. Eatables were dear, but as the rebs gave us no rations while on the move, those who had money were anxious to trade when there was any chance of getting what they paid for. While at the Hotel de Florence, the rebel officers would bring their ladies to the stockade, on the bank or "beat" of the guards. Then the officers would pare turnips and throw the peelings to the starving prisoners inside, who would scramble and fight to procure the parings. By way of varying the amusement, the officers would drop the peelings just inside the "dead line," to tempt some unwary prisoner to cross the fatal line, when he would be promptly killed by the guard standing ready, showing the females how easily they could shoot defenseless Yankees; and the ladies seemed to enjoy the sport.—MARTIN C. CUBBLER, Co. C, 34 N. J. Cav.

The Yazoo Pass Expedition.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Daniel Spencer's account of the Yazoo pass expedition tallies well with my daily "journal" of that campaign. On January 29, 1863, the 24th Ind. went on board the Luella, a boat which our comrades jocularly dubbed "The Little Stern Reality." We had been garrisoning Helena, Ark. The head of the Yazoo pass proper is about five miles below Helena, and nearly opposite "Old Town, Ark." Our gunboats poured a broadside into the levee embankment which held the waters of the Mississippi from silvereging into the pass proper, and in less than one hour after the first volley had been fired, transports were riding down the young willows and cottonwood trees that grew thickly in the old channel of the upper Yazoo pass.

We had a long and muddy time of it, working our way through the pass into Moon lake, so named from its crescent shape. We soon arrived at the point where the lake enters the Yazoo pass again. As this was our theater of action, our duty soon became apparent. The rebels had been anticipating a movement in that direction by us, and had felled all the larger trees that grew upon the banks into and across the Yazoo pass, which at that point was so narrow that the huge sycamore and cypress trees extended clear across the water and rested upon each bank, many of the trees being from four to six feet in diameter.

Hundreds of those monarchs of the forest had been leveled to form obstructions to our further progress, but Yankee invention and "Hoosier" pluck proved too much for even the gritty Southerners.

At 9 o'clock, a. m., we took passage on a small ferry boat, for the purpose of crossing the stream. Maj. Grill went on board the ferry boat with drawn sword, and soon managed to fall overboard. The water was cold, and the colonel came up blowing like a porpoise. Reaching out his sword, he exclaimed: "Here boys, take mein sword!" He did not want his emblem of authority to perish beneath the waves, even if he lost his life.

The boat was small, and it took us about an hour to cross the stream. The rain fell in torrents. We marched three miles, striking the pass again several miles below where we had ferried it. On the march Maj. Grill, who shortly before had been floundering in the cold water of the pass, was stepping lively. We came to a ravine where the water was five or six feet deep, across which lay the trunk of a huge oak tree. The major jumped upon the log, and swinging his sword high in the air, turned around to see what effect such gestures had upon the boys. His feet slipped and he was soon submerged. The boys laughed immoderately, and some more wicked than the rest, sang out: "Put him under again; he always was a great sinner."

When we arrived at the pass, we found the boys under command of Col. Wilson, (since rendered famous as Gen. Wilson, the Alabama and Georgia raider). We stacked arms, and dividing regiment into reliefs, at it we went. Col. Wilson soon produced several 4-inch cables or hawser ropes, which he tied around the base of a huge sycamore tree, about three feet in diameter. Straightening out the rope, at least 400 men began to pull. The alluvial soil was completely drenched with falling water; nevertheless we were surprised to see with what ease we could land those serious obstructions to navigation. Success stimulated us to renewed exertion, and when we were relieved by the second support, we kept on pulling, and though it was 1 p. m. when we began, we had cleared several miles by nightfall. Col. Wilson said he never "saw men so eager to prosecute the war." At 10 o'clock a. m. the next day Col. Wilson announced that the Yazoo pass was cleared of obstructions to the mouth of the Coldwater. We then went aboard the steamers and quietly explored the pass beyond its confluence with Coldwater river. The Yazoo pass empties into the Coldwater river, and the latter stream empties into the Yazoo river. The water, which forms the pass proper, diverges from the Mississippi just a few miles below Helena, Ark., again emptying into the Mississippi by way of the Yazoo river, a few miles above Vicksburg. Following the Coldwater as far as the Tallahatchie river, we all returned. Many places we had to worm our passage between standing cane, which grew so thickly in the stream that the edges of our boats would some times knock off bark from two trees at once. The boys would amuse themselves by nailing up a cracker-box, as high as they could reach from the hurricane roof of our boat, on a tree, the box being labeled, "Postoffice box of 24th Ind. Vol. Inf'ty," or any other regiment. On March 2, we returned to Helena.—SERGT. LEW JESUP.

A Cool Reception.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I enlisted in the 93d Ills. Infty., in 1862. Was with the regiment on the "sand bar" below Helena, where the officers of the expedition were rolled in the sand for the amusement of the men. Was in the "Yazoo expedition," where we were four days on board the steamer Jessie K. Bell, running among the trees, but out of sight of land. Was within hearing of the battle at Raymond, Miss., and crossed the battlefield before the sun had set. Was at the taking of Jackson, and two days afterward was wounded at Champion Hill. Was at Edwards's station in time to see the carload of rebel muskets burn. Was at Vicksburg, from the 18th to the 23d, and was watching the boys falling in for "the charge" on that day, when I received orders to go to Haynes's Bluff. From there I was sent to Memphis, examined by a surgeon named Stahl, condemned, and transferred to the V. R. C. Was sent to St. Louis and assigned to Co. I, 4th Regt., V. R. C., and sent to Rock Island, Ills., to guard the rebel prisoners confined there. A short time after we had got comfortably located in quarters, the orderly roused us out at about 11 o'clock one night, to receive a squad of prisoners. It was about January 1, 1864, and the weather was cold, quite cold. We received some twenty-five or thirty poor wretches in the open parade ground. They were from Hood's army, and wore nothing but their cotton uniforms. Their names, companies and regiments were registered. They were searched, and their money and other valuables taken from them; and by that time the guards, although muffled in their overcoats with the capes over their heads, were "cussing" cold. We marched the squad into the prison, and assigned them to an empty barrack, with no fire, no light, no blankets, but with the "warming up" assurance that they should have plenty of coal for fires next morning, and that they could have all the blankets and clothing they wanted as soon as "a requisition" could be made for them. I think it would have shown more humanity had the officer at headquarters detailed a Johnny in the prison to have swept out the barrack, built a fire, and had everything as comfortable as possible for their reception. Then, when they had arrived, marched them into quarters and searched and registered them there—especially as we all knew at that time that there were many in the rebel ranks who were forced against their better judgment to enlist. Others were torn from their wives and families and compelled to serve in rebel ranks, while others were hunted like wild beasts, caught and put in front to be shot by their Yankee friends. How many such may have been in the squad we put into quarters that cold night no one knows. A question, and I will drop "behind the parapet." Were not the shot from these conscript Federals of the South just as deadly to our boys as if they had been fired from the hands of a Johnny? My heart was in it!—HENRY KIRBY, Co. H, 93d Ills. Inft.

Chips.

Comrade J. M. Best:—Your letter, being of a political nature, could not be used; send a republican ticket.

Comrade L. C. Brittain:—The song you asked for was published in Old War Songs ("Shiloh's Hill") July 28, 1889.

"Soldier's Wife:"—The publication in the Camp Fire of the clipping and letter you sent, would precipitate an extended controversy, excluding all else; and this is prohibited.

William Harlan:—The editor has no means of knowing whether the "offer" you refer to is *bona fide* or not; better write (enclosing circular) to the "General Land Office," Washington, D. C.

John S. Packer:—In THE WEEKLY BLADE, June 23, 1891, in "Old War Songs," appeared a song entitled, "Union Parolled Prisoners," in which reference is made to Pemberton and Libby; also of corn-cake made of "meal, ground cob and all." On June 27, 1889, a song was published, called "Dixie's Sunny Land," which contained this:

"But a plot of meal, ground cob and all,
Was served to every man."

John Cowgill, Cala., writes:—"As I was introduced to this world the year previous to the firing on Fort Sumter, I was of course denied the privilege of participating in the achievements or suffering the privations of the old soldiers. I will say, however, that the troops that first entered the enemy's lines at Saller Creek, April 6, 1865, were the 1st New York Cav., and there the brave Capt. Edwin Savercool was seriously wounded at the moment he snatched the first Confederate battle-flag from the hand of its bearer."

A Candidate for Freakdom.

"The tallest schoolgirl in the world" lives at Riednaun, near Sterzing. She is in her eleventh year, and is about six feet high.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.
DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

Question Bureau.

Number of Pensioners.

Old Soldier, Burlington, Iowa: According to the preliminary report of the Commissioner of Pensions, recently issued, the total number of pensioners on the list of July was 676,160, being an increase of 138,216 in one year.

The roll is divided as follows:

Revolutionary widows	93
Army invalid pensioners	418,507
Army widows and children	193,507
Navy invalids	5,449
Navy widows and children	2,568
Survivors of 1812	7,590
Mexican veterans	16,979
Mexican war widows	6,078

The aggregate yearly value of all pensions July 1 was $88,247,230, and the average value of each was $135.99. The total amount expended, including bureau expenses, during the year, was $118,518,950. The popular notion that pensions are granted more generally in proportion to those who saw but short time service is not borne out by the report.

Under the new law of June, 1890, pensions were granted to 71,004 persons and the time service of those were as follows:

Six months and under	1,103
Over six months and under 13 months	26,099
Over 13 months	44,905

During the year 20,525 names were dropped from the rolls, of which death was the cause in 13,229 cases.

The result of the operation of the first year of the new law does not sustain the predictions of its opponents that the law would make the pensions cost one hundred and fifty millions in 1891. No allowance was made for deaths of pensioners and none for that very large class that will not apply and a large class that does not need pensions. That the number will increase for three or four years there is no question, but the death rate will increase more and more rapidly, and the sons of the veterans will live to see the end of the pension system.

China's Navy.

O. B. B., Lancaster, O.: The Chinese navy is never heard of much because it has little to do. China's troubles are mostly inland and with herself. She is not much in the habit of courting difficulties with outside powers, but she may have use for her fleet some day. It consists of the north coast squadron, the Foochow squadron, and several flotillas for river and coast operations. Among the ships of the north coast squadron are two barbette and a-going armor-clads of 7,280 tons each, one of 2,850 tons, and one of 2,320 tons; one turret ship of 2,320 tons, two deck-protected cruisers, each of 2,300 tons, and a large number of torpedo vessels. The Foochow squadron consists of nine cruisers ranging from 1,300 to 2,480 tons, 3 gunboats, 9 dispatch boats, and 3 revenue cruisers, while the Shanghai flotilla boasts an armored frigate of 1,030 tons. This is at least the nucleus of a tolerably effective navy. It is run for the present on the mind-your-own-business principle, but how long the Chinese government will be permitted to adhere to this conservative policy is uncertain. A naval demonstration of its own may sooner or later become necessary to resist English encroachment and French or German spoliation. A demonstration for such a demonstration in front of San Francisco is something that the United States, if it be wise, will not encourage.

Heraldry.

R. S., St. Joseph, Mo.: The so-called science of heraldry had its origin in the close of the twelfth century, although the use of distinctive devices can be traced back to the earliest times. But what are called coats of arms originated in the necessities of battles and in tournaments of using some device to distinguish persons concealed in their armor. The art was elaborated during the time of the Crusades, and the French reduced it to a complete system, which was subsequently adopted by other nations. The king, through the herald's college, had the privilege of bestowing coats of arms, which were a patent the same as that to the mark or copyright. In this country it is unnecessary to say all heraldic rights and titles arise with titles of nobility and all thereto pertaining. One can pirate a second-hand coat, and wear it for his own, or he can get one registered as his trademark, if he chooses, in the office of the librarian of Congress, in which case he could prevent base imitators from copying his quarterings. There is to-day a gentleman who has done this very thing, and the coat of arms which was possibly borne by some remote ancestor (all he had to show, perhaps, for money lent his majesty), now does service to mark his packets of squash and sunflower seeds.

Silver Questions.

R. D., Martin's Corner, Pa.: The silver law of 1890 provides that the secretary of the Treasury shall buy each month 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion, and that treasury notes shall be issued for the cost of this bullion, hence the market value of the silver is represented in circulation, not its coinage value.

F. F., Broken Bow, Neb.: In the Finance Primer we have stated a number of times that the coinage of the standard silver dollar ceased on July 1 of this year. The silver law of 1890 provides that this compulsory coinage should stop at that time, but gives the secretary of the Treasury the authority to coin more if it becomes necessary in order to redeem the treasury notes issued under that law.

New Postoffices.

L. P., Colliers, W. Va.: There is no stated number of families getting mail to secure the establishment of a new postoffice. The way to obtain one is to draw up a petition to the Postmaster General, stating clearly the location of all the nearest postoffices, the routes by which they are reached, and the distance from the proposed new one, giving also all the reasons why a new one is needed. Then get as many signatures as possible of persons to whom the new office would be more convenient, and forward it to the department. It would be well to bring the matter to the attention of your Representative in Congress, and get his active cooperation in the work. If the postoffice is established, then the department will advertise for bids for carrying the route, and the person bidding lowest will receive the contract.

Famous Oaths.

W. W. R., Paris City, O.: It is hard to make a list of famous oaths in history. One of the most prominent is William the Conqueror's magnificent oath, "By the splendor of God," and next, perhaps, the picturesque and satirical "By the setting of the stars" of Mohammed. Edward III. swore "By God's soul," and Queen Elizabeth swore "By God's death," or "S'death. The Emperor Commodus, it is said, swore "By no huge that he will make his horse a consul, but he left no memorandum as to what he meant by the expression. Ethen Allen, it should not be forgotten, swore an oath that very nearly equaled that of William the Conqueror when he invoked "The Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," though this was not exactly in the form of an oath.

Requests for Re-publication.

H. S. P., Minneapolis, Minn.: There is not a week that we do not have requests to republish long poems, articles, and even continued stories, that have already appeared in our columns. It is manifestly unfair that we should take up space in doing so, because the majority of our readers want new material instead of a reprint of what has already appeared. The poem "Ostler Joe" taken this about a column of space. It was published in THE BLADE several years ago, when it first became noted, and we cannot republish. It is in many cheap books of recitation, costing from 25 cents upward. We always desire to oblige, but cannot do so where it is manifestly unjust to the great mass of our readers.

Early Claims to This Country.

P. O. P., Poage's Mill, Va.: Spain, France, England and Holland made discoveries within what is now the United States. France claimed what is now Canada, the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and Louisiana; Spain claimed Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, part of Colorado, Nevada and California, by the same right; the Dutch made settlements where New York now is, and on Long Island, up the Hudson, and in New Jersey, and claimed a large area there; England claimed the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, and extending westward to the Pacific ocean. Any school history of the United States will give you full details.

The Congressional Record.

B. F. G., Miller City, O.: The publication of the debates in Congress was made for many years in a daily paper known as the *Congressional Globe*, which belonged to private parties, who did the work of publishing the debates by contract. A number of years ago the government decided to publish the proceedings of Congress itself, and established the *Congressional Record*, which is the only publication containing the full official report of the proceedings of Congress. It contains nothing else. The *Globe* has not been published since then. There is no paper called the *Mailing List*. A mailing list is a list of subscribers to any newspaper.

Edible Birds' Nests.

M. R. G., Inez, Neb.: The birds' nests which are eaten by the Chinese are made by a species of swallow. The nests are built in caves, and are formed of grass, fibres of seaweed, small leaves, etc., and are attached to the rock by a gelatinous substance which consists of saliva, which the swallow exudes from glands under the tongue, this gelatinous portion is the part really eaten. The gathering of the nests takes place when the young are hatched, twice a year. They are rated as a great delicacy by the Chinese, sometimes selling at as high as $20 a pound, and hence are only seen on the tables of the very wealthy.

Tin Plate Factories.

G. A. J., Pratt, Kan.: The clippings you send about tin plate are gotten up especially for Democratic campaign uses. That party is lying this year about tin plate, just as they lied last year about high prices that the tariff would cause. Tin plate is being manufactured in America, and in commercial quantities. The factories which have up to this time gone into operation are crowded with work, and are obliged to refuse many orders. This is the truth about the matter to our certain knowledge.

Duties on Luxuries.

J. W. M., St. Helena, Neb.: Duties are imposed on luxuries imported from abroad because they are purchased only by the wealthy who are able to pay the tax on them. Diamonds, for instance, are not found in the United States, but they are a luxury which can be purchased only by the wealthy, and hence there is a duty imposed upon them. The same is true of fine French wines, and a number of other articles.

Miscellaneous.

W. J. F.: The legal rate of interest is fixed in each state by state law.

E. R., Deerfield, O.: Address "Commissioner of Indian affairs, Washington, D. C."

C. S., Langdon, Mo.: The U. S. Commissioner of Education is Hon. Wm. T. Harris.

I. B., Joy, O.: Your question as to India rubber was answered in weekly BLADE of August 27. We cannot republish.

W. T., Monroe, Iowa: There is one government land office in Iowa. Address "Register of U. S. Land Office, Des Moines, Iowa."

H. H., Saginaw City, Mich.: We do not recall the letter written by John Wilkes Booth in November, 1864, about which you inquire.

F. P. H., Scotia, Cal.: The very bright star seen in the East these nights, immediately after dark, is Jupiter, the largest of the planets.

G. H., Gaskill, Kans.: We do not recall your contribution. Was it sent to the Household, Farm, Camp Fire, Young Folks, Question Bureau, or to the editor?

J. W. J., Eureka, Cal.: We do not know where you can get the poem you mention, nor who wrote it. It is probably a short one, and included in some collection of poetry.

J. L. H., Reno, Nev.: Any such phrase as "from May 10 to July 10 inclusive," means that May 10 and July 10 are both included. That is what the word "inclusive" is used for.

J. S. C., Berkey, O.: We do not know whether Michigan has yet disposed of her share of the direct tax or not but think it has been placed to the credit of the general fund.

L. A. B., Stilwell, O.: Any hardware dealer in Toledo, or any of the other cities of Ohio sells safety razors. Examine them for yourself. The other article you mention is a toy.

We were mistaken in an answer a few weeks ago, in saying that General Swineford is governor of Alaska. He was formerly, but the present governor is Lyman E. Knapp. His residence is Sitka.

S. B., Wakarusa, Ind.: We know nothing about that East Tennessee excursion, save what was given in the advertisement in the weekly BLADE of October 8. Write to the advertisers, not to us.

W. N. S., Kerbyville, Mo.: The moon has no influence whatever on the growth of plants, or on the sluking of logs, fences, planks or anything else lying on the ground.

I. S. H., Augusta, Ga.: Your question is answered in this week's issue.

I. N. R., Russellville, Mo.: The enlargement of small photographs is done by means of a camera. Any good photographer can give you instructions in the method and information as to the outfit needed.

A. M. B., Franklin, O.: Bill Nye is now making a lecturing tour through the United States. So far as we know, he has no date in this section of Ohio. We do not know his rates. His lectures are humorous.

E. H. F., Dingler, Tex., says that several wells in that vicinity go dry whenever a strong norther blows for twenty hours or more, and asks the cause. No adequate reason has ever been advanced for such phenomena.

M. V. P., Mo.: The so-called spirit photographs can be made in a number of different ways, the previous exposure of the plate an instant under a negative, to give the impression of the "spirit face," being perhaps the most common.

J. R. H., Carrolton, O.: Of course there is no export duty on wheat sent out of the United States. The constitution of the United States, article 1, section 9, clause 5, declares that "no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state."

E. R., Minneapolis, Colo.: You must determine for yourself whether you will ask the young lady again to marry you. If you really want her for your wife, n

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1891.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 118,000.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

55.—The Free Silver Coinage Question Again.

C. G. S., of Hillsville, Pa., asks us to state the arguments on the free coinage of silver. Every argument, pro and con, that has so far been brought up in the discussion, has been exhaustively treated in previous numbers of this series; but we will put in compact form the reasons why the free and unlimited coinage of silver under the present coinage ratio of 16 to 1 are unwise.

1.—Because free coinage by the United States, without International co-operation (which has not been procured), must inevitably involve the depreciation of the silver dollar as compared with the gold dollar.

2.—When silver has become depreciated, then, being a legal tender, it alone will be used for ordinary payments, as the money of least value.

3.—Gold coin will, in that event, be hoarded and used only for the settlement of contracts made payable specifically in gold.

4.—Following the invariable rule under such conditions, gold will leave the country, finding its permanent resting place in the currencies of Europe.

We will discuss the points involved in the above in answer to a second querist, W. J. T., of Deitz, of W. Va., who asks: "How is it that free coinage of silver would drive gold out of circulation when silver would furnish but a fraction of the circulation? If silver were the standard of values, how is it that its purchasing power would sink to a par with its weight value instead of its face value?"

Coin is a commodity the same as is wheat, or potatoes, or pork. A coin is simply a guaranteed amount of a precious metal. Its value does not depend upon its face, save in a secondary sense. It must depend primarily upon the value of the metal contained therein. Gold is our standard of values, and has been since the resumption of specie payments. The standard silver dollars in circulation do not contain as much silver as their face value. They are kept at par simply because the amount in circulation has not been allowed to become large enough to drive out gold. Free and unlimited coinage of silver would do this. The history of every civilized nation has shown the truth of GRESHAM'S law, "that if two sorts of money, one inferior in intrinsic or representative value to the other, but both invested by law with the same purchasing power, be permitted to circulate side by side, the inferior will ultimately drive out the superior." In our own history, this law has been proved in the three following instances:

From the time our coinage was first established, gold was slightly undervalued as compared with silver. This caused our gold steadily to leave the country, as both metals had free coinage, in obedience to GRESHAM'S law, until the revision of the coinage laws in 1834, when the amount of gold in the dollar was reduced. The reduction was a little overdone, however. Silver was undervalued as regards gold to such an extent that a man could take $15,700 of silver coin, melt it into bullion, and sell it as such for $16,000 in gold. The result was that silver began to leave this country, in obedience to GRESHAM'S law, and gold to replace it in circulation. This undervaluation of silver continued until the civil war. Our full-weight legal tender silver went abroad in preference to the gold.

With the issue of greenbacks, came a third illustration of the Gresham law. As far as an act of Congress could do it, the greenback dollar had the same purchasing power as a dollar in coin; but being the less valuable, because of the serious doubt that existed in every one's mind at that time whether the government would ever be able to pay them on demand, all our coin, both gold and silver, disappeared from circulation. That is, in accordance with Gresham's law the less valuable currency drove out the more valuable. Values were measured in the greenback dollar, which depreciated; or to state the same thing, gold rose to a premium of over 200 per cent. This gave an actual purchasing power to the greenback dollar of less than 50 cents. This state of things continued until the restoration of the public credit, and the resumption act, which again brought gold as the standard of value, which it has been ever since. There is no fact more certain than that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the present ratio would cause silver to drive out gold. The purchasing power of the silver dollar would be its bullion value. We will now continue the reasons against the free coinage of silver:

5.—That depletion of gold would involve a corresponding large contraction of the volume of our circulating medium.

6.—The depreciation of silver coin would also involve a corresponding depreciation of the paper circulation; for as our paper money is as much redeemable in silver as in gold, its value would conform to the value of silver, that being the cheaper metal and the only one available for the redemption of paper. Thus the final issue would be a reduction both in the volume and the purchasing power of the entire mass of our current money.

7.—Free coinage, therefore, instead of meaning an expansion of the currency, as claimed by its advocates, would end in a contraction of probably some hundreds of millions in the effective monetary power of our circulating medium.

8.—The ultimatum of free coinage, then, is to put the United States upon an exclusive silver basis, in company with the semi-civilized nations, and in isolation from the great progressive countries, and to enable Europe to adhere more fixedly than ever to the gold basis.

9.—One of the results of this state of things would be to give us a currency of constantly fluctuating value, as compared with the stable valuations of European moneys, and with the world's standard of values; thereby entailing large and perpetual uncertainties in prices, and in the result of contracts connected with both our import and export commerce, and equally damaging values in our home markets. A more serious embargo upon our foreign commerce, both inward and outward, could not well be contrived.

10.—Another effect would be to subject the value of our currency to speculative or other arbitrary control. It would only be necessary to control the price of the small stock of silver bullion in the world's markets in order to embarrass or dislocate the whole basis of our money, paper or metallic, the value of which would be regulated by the current gold price of silver bullion. Considering the strong commercial and financial temptations to such tampering that would constantly occur in connection with foreign trade and exchange operations, it is plain that such speculative interferences with the value of silver would become matters of ordinary occurrence. What would be the abnormal status of the commerce of a nation exposed to such operations?

11.—The fluctuation to a currency of depreciated and fluctuated value would involve confiscation in the settlement of the thousands of millions of bonds, mortgages and other contracts now outstanding; and such a wrong being deliberate and not the consequence of any unavoidable inability to pay in full, it would constitute one of the most disgraceful dishonesties ever perpetrated by the legislature of a civilized nation, and would stand as an everlasting stigma upon the American people and upon the republican institutions of which we boast.

Another correspondent, J. P. O., Morristown, N. Y., asks us whether there is any basis for truth in the statement he has seen in some newspaper, that instead of our having a 76-cent silver dollar, we have a 125-cent gold dollar; that, instead of silver becoming cheaper, gold is becoming dearer; and that there is not enough gold mined for coinage and its other uses. We answer emphatically that there is not the slightest truth in any of these assertions. The full amount of gold resulting from the enormous output of the newly discovered mines of California and Australia from 1849 through the next ten years, did not get into circulation until from 1873 to 1878, when all the civilized nations of the world abandoned the free and unlimited coinage of silver, using gold in its place. Since that time, the amount of gold produced has kept its value practically stationary. This is proved conclusively by the fact that, due allowance being made for the effect of demand and supply, the same amount of staple products is worth practically the same amount of gold now as then.

HOW THE NEW TARIFF WORKS.

Everybody, Democrats as well as Republicans, are interested in knowing exactly how the new tariff law, often miscalled "the McKinley bill," is working—whether imports have increased or decreased, and whether it has accomplished one of the objects for which it was passed—the reduction of the annual revenue of the government. Full and accurate information is given on these points by a pamphlet just issued by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, from which we summarize the following:

The law went into operation on October 1, 1890. From that date until August 31, 1891, a period of eleven months, the total value of our imports and exports reached $1,603,782,203, as against $1,529,013,627 during the corresponding period of the previous year, being an increase of $74,768,639. The imports were valued at $763,210,693, an increase of $25,681,816. The exports were valued at $840,571,301, an increase of $49,087,327. It cannot be said, therefore, that the new law has restricted our foreign trade. On the contrary it has removed many restraints on that trade, as is shown by the statistics of free and dutiable imports. The following table gives the value, in millions of dollars, of our imports during the last eleven months of the old tariff and the first eleven months of the new one:

	Free.		Dutiable.	
Months.	1889.	1890.	1889.	1890.
October	$25	$23	$41	$47
November	21	01	37	35
December	23	24	38	37
	1890.	1891.	1890.	1891.
January	20	28	43	35
February	20	27	40	39
March	25	34	42	47
April	27	51	45	30
May	20	43	44	30
June	22	39	54	35
July	23	33	59	34
August	23	35	39	30
Total	$229	$295	$485	$389

For the eleven months just passed, therefore, the free imports under the new law increased $112,000,000, and the dutiable imports decreased $86,000,000. Now it is to be remembered right here that the free imports are those articles of which we cannot and do not produce enough to supply our own demand. They are, therefore, admitted free of duty. The dutiable imports are entirely of such articles as we produce or manufacture sufficient for our own needs. The above totals thus show that there has been an enormous increase in the imports of those things which we do not produce, and that the bill has operated to shut out foreign goods of the kinds we already manufacture. When we consider that this latter class of goods, of American manufacture, has not increased in price to the consumer, but the majority of them are cheaper than last year, it will be seen that the decrease represents $86,000,000 of goods which we now manufacture more than we did a year ago.

The following table shows, in millions of dollars, the total value of all kinds of all kinds of imports during each month of the last eleven months under the old tariff, and the first eleven months under the new one:

	IMPORTS.		EXPORTS.	
MONTHS.	1889.	1890.	1889.	1890
October	$ 69	$ 73	$ 86	$ 86
November	64	64	84	86
December	60	61	97	98
	1890.	1891.	1890.	1891.
January	63	62	75	83
February	63	63	70	75
March	72	78	73	73
April	72	81	64	71
May	70	72	57	58
June	75	73	53	53
July	73	67	54	63
August	61	60	59	73
Total	$737	$703	$791	$841

Thus it is seen that under the first eleven months of the new tariff law 47.78 per cent. of the entire value of our imports was free. This is the largest percentage of goods imported on the free list in our history. Sugar was not admitted free until April last, and from that date until the close of August, our total imports were $250,726,209, of which $200,533,497 came in free of duty. It is to be remembered that raw sugar came in free, while refined sugars paid a duty. Hence it is shown that our total imports have been increased under the new tariff law, that this increase has been in goods admitted free of duty, while on those dutiable there has been a decrease in importations.

What has been the effect upon the nation's annual income? This shows a decided falling off, and therefore, that the purpose of the bill in reducing the revenue and preventing the accumulation of the surplus is being accomplished. The following table shows the receipts from customs for the past two years:

Quarters ending—	1889.	1890.	Changes.
Dec. 31..	$ 31,936,114	$ 53,444,577	Inc. $ 3,618,463
	1890.	1891.	
March 31	$ 60,980,891	$ 57,726,397	Dec. $ 3,284,494
June 30..	58,008,383	38,377,434	Dec. 20,229,248
Sept. 30..	46,524,805	44,753,769	Dec. 21,551,838
Totals....	$237,698,492	$196,302,067	Dec. $41,396,425

The heaviest reduction has been made since April last—that is, since sugar went on the free list. The reduction of revenues for the year under the new law will be at least $30,000,000. The promoters of the bill did not claim for it a reduction of more than $50,000,000. It will be seen therefore, that it has largely exceeded their estimate, and made ample reduction. In point of fact, if the revenue from imported articles was reduced to any greater extent, it would be necessary for the federal government to increase its revenue in some other quarter.

It may be interesting to the reader to compare these official reports as to the operation of the new tariff with the predictions made by both the friends and the opponents of the measure when it was reported by the Ways and Means committee to the House. The figures presented to that body by the Republican majority of the committee showed "a reduction of at least $50,936,536, and probably more." The Democratic minority of that committee declared that there had been added to the duties still remaining on the dutiable list the sum of $40,055,152.23; that there were other increases which would make a grand total of $65,000,000, and added:

We do not mean to assert that the bill actually increases the customs revenue $65,000,000 over what it is under existing law, but that it proposes to impose upon the articles its leaves upon the dutiable list, except sugar and molasses, that sum in excess of the amount collected on the same schedules last year. It places upon the free list articles which yielded a revenue of $6,059,069 during the last fiscal year, and it makes a reduction of $54,022,110.56 on sugar and molasses, and these two sums, amounting to $60,062,079.63, being deducted from the $65,000 leave a net increase of more than $4,000,000 in tariff taxation under this bill.

The Democratic minority of that committee consisted of JOHN G. CARLISLE, ROGER Q. MILLS, ROSWELL P. FLOWER, C. R. BRECKINRIDGE and BENTON MCMILLEN. Had any one with prophetic powers told them that the active operation of that bill would be to reduce the revenues about $80,000,000 a year, they would probably have looked upon him as something worse than a lunatic. Nevertheless that is exactly what it is doing. Every man of intelligence who notes its workings, is more and more satisfied that it is doing better even than its friends anticipate.

MASSACHUSETTS' DRUNKARD LAW.

THE BLADE acknowledges the receipt from Mr. HENRY H. FAXON, Quincy, Mass., of a copy of his article on that feature of the new Massachusetts liquor law, which puts drinking men upon probation, and in effect allows the officers to permit men to get drunk twice with impunity; the third time, however, the penalty is to be enforced. Mr. FAXON asserts that this is really a new device to encourage drunkenness; and while we are far from believing that such was its intent, we have no doubt that it will work in just that fashion. Mr. FAXON goes on to declare that "there is too much sentimentalism in regard to drunkenness. If more laws were enacted to prevent men from getting drunk instead of coddling them during a debauch, it would be better for all concerned. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is time to spend less money and prayer in trying to reform the drunkard and doing more political work in securing legislators who will vote against licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is 'love's labor lost' for a reformer to waste his time and energy in endeavoring to convert 'old soakers.' I worked for ten years in Quincy to secure their reform with a license system in operation, and ten drunkards were created while I was trying to reform one."

Mr. FAXON is in the main perfectly correct in his statements. We think, however, that he lays entirely too much stress on the virtues of the mere enactment of a law, and pays too little attention to the education of public opinion. He endeavors, apparently, to reach his solution of the question by means of legislation rather than by the intelligent co-operation of all good people. Does it not occur to him that, during the ten years in Quincy under license, when he was struggling to secure the reformation of drunkards, there must have been a most lamentably low moral tone among the people themselves, else ten drunkards could not have been created while he was trying to reform one? And if this were true, as we are well assured, from long experience, that restrictive liquor legislation in communities which are morally not up to the proper level merely changes the trade from a legal to an illegal one, it would follow that its effects upon his community would have been equally as bad as those he sincerely deplores.

We agree heartily with MR. FAXON that there is "too much sentimentalism in regard to drunkards." Your "old soak" is, as a rule, not worth saving; he isn't worth the effort it would require to keep him from relapsing into intemperance. But, we most certainly can not agree with him that "the jury system is wrong in principle, and too often corrupt in practice. However dishonest or obstinate a juryman may be, there is no law by which he can be punished for his wrong-doing." MR. FAXON here allows his enthusiasm to obscure his sense of justice. The fact that a juror cannot be reached by any possible legal authority for any verdict he may render, is one of the great safeguards of the people. If it were not so, the jury system could be made the most potent instrument of tyranny in office against popular liberty. There is no human institution but has its defects, and the jury system is no exception; but the grounds on which MR. FAXON objects to it are not its defects, but its good qualities. He must find something better than these objections before he can expect its abolition.

MR. FAXON believes that an imperative system of fines and sentences would materially reduce the amount of drunkenness and crime; and after considerable discussion of the present Massachusetts law regarding drunkenness, he closes with the fervent hope "that the next legislature will promptly repeal it, and enact in its stead a statute which will demand a severe punishment for this offence." We agree with him here, though imprisonment is by no means regarded as a severe punishment by confirmed drunkards of the "tramp" variety. To them a thirty-day sentence in the midst of cold weather is looked on in the light of a blessing rather than an evil, so strangely does indulgence in alcholic intoxicants operate to degrade a man and cause him to be content with surrounding conditions that in his right mind would be insupportable and revolting.

Mr. FAXON is a man who has spent a great deal of effort in opposing the Rum traffic, and in doing sturdy battle against the saloon and its temptations, at all times and under all circumstances. That he is perfectly sincere no man doubts who knows him. The only criticism we have to make upon him in any way, is that given above—that he appears to cling to the somewhat superstitious idea that the mere enactment of a law is all-powerful to remove the evil at which it is aimed. This is simply stuff and nonsense. If all men in the state of Massachusetts held exactly the opinion of Mr. FAXON on the liquor traffic, it would not need a law to get rid of the saloons. There would not be one in the state—not because the law said so, but because of the convictions of the people. But the people of that state do not all agree with Mr. FAXON; probably almost half of them hold a diametrically opposite view. A portion of these are doubtless as sincere in their views as is Mr. FAXON in his. Is it not wiser, in place of attempting to secure the passage of a law which can necessarily only be operative in those sections where the public sentiment is largely that way, or to spend the same amount of effort in convincing those of opposite views of the unsoundness of their position on the liquor question? We certainly believe that the educational line is the one that will yield the best results. We must get men to know the evils that follow indulgence in Rum; we must show them that the open saloon, the public bar, has no possible excuse of any kind for its existence; that it is necessarily a training school for drunkards, a primary class in intemperance; we must educate them until they agree with us that the best thing for all persons concerned, and for the state, is to crush out the open saloon by prohibition, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States. We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUR NEWEST PREMIUM OFFER.

THE BLADE now makes the very best offer, as a premium for new subscribers or for raising clubs, that it has ever made, or that ever was made by any newspaper in the United States. We offer the revised Encyclopedia Britannica, brought down to date and containing sketches of about 4,000 famous people which are not found in the English edition, because the publishers of the work in England will not allow a biographical sketch of any person to appear in it until after his death; hence all famous living personages are excluded. This edition, which is revised for American readers, overcomes this objection to the original work.

A few years ago a complete edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica cost nearly $200, thus preventing any but the wealthy from purchasing it. We are now able to offer a later, a better, and more complete edition, in twenty volumes, bound in heavy manilla paper, comprising a total of 7,000 pages, with 60 colored maps, which we will send with one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year, for only $7.50. We pay the postage on the Encyclopedia. This offer is for those who want the Encyclopedia for themselves, but who have not the time to get up a club for the paper.

Those who have time will be interested in offer No. 9, which is: For a club of twenty yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $20, sent us at one time, we will send a complete set of the encyclopedia as a premium for the club.

This affords teachers, students, physicians and other persons of learning a most excellent opportunity to obtain this standard work of reference absolutely free of charge.

For larger clubs the reader's attention is directed to offer No. 8, which will be found in the illustrated advertisement on the fifth page.

We hope that every one who desires to obtain this splendid work will start in at once without delay. No better offer was ever made or can ever be made by a weekly newspaper with a high-grade encyclopedia.

ANOTHER TARIFF POINT.

Every day the telegraph and technical journals bring news of manufactories established for the manufacture of various products which will give employment to hundreds of more laborers throughout the country. In a recent issue of the *Dry Goods Economist*, appeared the following from Hartford Conn.:

"The Frank Wilkinson Manufacturing Co., with a capital of $750,000, all of which is owned by the gentlemen who have conducted the same business in England, will start up the manufacture of lace curtains within a few days. The Wilkinsons have an immense business in England, where they employ something like 2,500 persons in their mills at Beeston near Nottingham, Chilwell near Nottingham and Borrowash near Derby. Their American trade has grown to such large proportions that within one day recently they made a shipment to this country of over 50 tons of this light material. The desire to retain this trade has led to the establishment of works here, as the present duty made it impossible for them to do so otherwise."

This means that the English firm cannot manufacture these goods in England, pay a tariff, and compete successfully with factories already established here, but they must transfer their business and employ American workmen at American wages.

A REQUEST TO BLADE READERS.

We have a special request to make to every subscriber and reader of the Weekly BLADE. We have made similar requests before, but never so earnestly as we make it to-day. We desire every one of them who can possibly spare a few minutes' time, to sit down and write us the addresses of all his friends. We want lists of names of people who do not take THE BLADE, to the extent of all the time you are willing to devote to it. If you can send but six names, we shall be glad to receive them; if you send a dozen, or twenty-five, or one hundred, the list will be all the more acceptable. These lists will be filled until December, then we will send sample copies of The Weekly BLADE to every one. If we can get 500,000 names, we shall be all the better pleased. We ask that you will take care to give the names of people who appreciate a good newspaper, and who do not now take the Weekly BLADE. We want Democrats as well as Republicans, as fair-minded men of all parties appreciate a thoroughly good, clean, well-edited national newspaper.

THE venomous hatred displayed by the Democratic press of the country toward our minister to Chili, Mr. EGAN, is simply because he is an Irishman and a Republican. There is every reason why Irish-Americans should vote with the Republican party, but none at all why they should vote with the Democrats. British free trade ruined Ireland, and is to-day one of the leading causes of the distress of her people. The Democratic party is in favor of British free trade and of extending it to this country. The Republican party believes in protection, its opposed policy. A vote for the Democratic ticket is a vote for Great Britain and free trade; and, as we said before, there is no possible reason why any Irishman should vote for it.

THE Emperor WILLIAM, of Germany, has shaved off his whiskers, it is said, in deference to his wife's wishes, who from the very day he began to allow the stubby bristles on his imperial cheek to stand, has been antagonistic to hirsute appendages. It is rumored in official circles that had the Emperor not shaved, there would have been trouble of a serious character in the imperial household at Berlin. Whiskers have never cut an extraordinary figure in the diplomatic and imperial history of this world, and the application of the razor to the young Emperor's face has probably taken them out of politics forever.

THE Georgia legislature which has just adjourned, was in absolute control of the Farmer's Alliance elected upon pledges of economy and retrenchment. Since it began business, this legislature has spent more money and raised the rate of taxation higher than for many years. None of the pledges of retrenchment were carried out, and it has in a word, repudiated by its action all the sentiment on which it was elected.

THE TARIFF A MATTER OF WAGES.

A great many of the free traders deny that the tariff has any relation to the wage-rate. On the contrary, it is a matter of wages entirely. Were the wage-rate exactly the same here and in Europe, and the hours of labor the same, there would be no tariff question.

To illustrate this, let us take a simple illustration—the iron manufacture. A workingman can dig practically as much iron-ore out of the mine per day, whether the mine be located in Southern Ohio or in England. The same is true of the amount of coal mined. These, with some broken limestone, are the raw materials for making pig-iron. Two furnaces, one in Ohio and one in England, of the same size, require the same number of men to run each. They both will produce the same number of tons of pig iron per day.

Take the pig iron produced by each furnace, and convert it in each case into Bessemer steel; and then roll that steel into railroad rails, ready to market. Now, if the ore and coal miners; the furnace men; the men employed in converting the pig iron into steel; and the rolling mill men who work the latter into rails, get exactly the same wages as the men who do the same work on the other side of the ocean, it is perfectly plain that the cost of producing that steel will be exactly the same, both in England and in Ohio. The process is the same in both cases, the machinery is the same, and it takes the same number of men the same time to turn out the same number of tons of rails.

In that case, it would take no tariff to keep out English rails. The ocean freight would be sufficient to keep them out. There would then be no "tariff question"—at least not on the same lines as that of to-day.

But wages are not the same. The American workingmen in the steel rail industry get higher wages, every one of them, from the miner of ore or coal up to the rolling mill hands, than do the men doing the corresponding work in the English mill. Hence the latter can turn out Bessemer rails cheaper than can we. It can land them in America and sell them in competition with American-made rails, and do so at a profit.

Here is where the tariff comes in. The English rails must pay $13 a ton duty. When the American rails sell at $32 a ton, English rails can be laid down in New York at about $28 a ton. But put the duty on that, and their price is above that of American rails. No, the latter are *not* put up in price because of the tariff; there are too many Bessemer rail mills in the United States, competing with one another, for that to be practiced.

Now, it should be perfectly plain to every one that free trade must mean, either the shutting down of every iron furnace and steel manufactory, or a reduction of the wages here to the English standard. The tariff is a question of wages entirely. And what is true of steel rails is true of boots and shoes, cotton goods, woolen goods, all articles of iron and steel—in fact of all manufactures.

If workingmen feel that they are getting too high wages, they should vote next Tuesday for CAMPBELL and free trade. If they think the American wage-scale should be kept up, they should vote for MCKINLEY and protection.

STUDY THE MARKETS.

One of the most striking of the many epigrammatic sentences uttered by President HARRISON during the memorable campaign of 1888, none became more famous than that in which he characterized the free traders as "the students of maxims rather than of markets." The aptness and truth of the remark caused it to be remembered; and there are numberless times when it can be applied effectively. Very often the market and the news columns of free trade papers contain facts which completely overset the theories and maxims of their editorial pages. The latter, for instance, will sigh because we do not import so great a quantity of woolen goods as we did before the new tariff went into operation, while the news columns will contain a BRADSTREET'S or DUN'S weekly trade review, with a paragraph such as this, which is not written to order, but is extracted from one of them a week ago, which was published in all the daily papers of the country:

For all wool dress goods there is a brisk demand for all the popular styles. Novelties are in demand, and some very handsome styles are shown. *Importers make no secret of the fact that they have sold these goods a long ways ahead, and jobbers cannot get enough to supply their trade with. There is a brisk trade in these goods, and anything at all desirable sells very quickly.* Plain goods are also selling very well, though rather more quiet than the fancies. Ladies' broad-cloths have been unusually active, and some houses report a good trade in staple dress goods. Stocks of these goods have been available, and a large movement has been the result. There is a fair trade in foreign dress goods, *though the American novelties are taking the larger share of popular attention.*

The price to the consumers of all ordinary goods, such as the masses of the people purchase; are cheaper now than they were a year ago. The editorial page mourns the hard times in Great Britain and the dullness in the cotton trade, while the news columns will contain items like the following, which we extract from a recent number of the Providence, R. I., *Journal*, one of the few strong free trade papers in New England. It will be seen that it shows our growing prosperity at home, and is a splendid argument of itself in favor of the new tariff:

The company manufactures fine grades of cotton, silk and worsted fabrics in dress goods, outing cloths, linings, etc. *Under the tariff of 1883, the duty upon manufactured goods has operated to stimulate the manufacture in this country of some goods, of which the main supply was heretofore obtained from abroad.* England, France and Germany make lines of goods similar to the product of the Royal Weaving company, but the Rhode Island company claims to make better goods than the foreign article with which it competes.

The same paper, the Providence *Journal*, gives a long description of a new gingham mill being erected at Fitchburg, Mass., by the celebrated firm of MITCHELLS, of Glasgow, who are bringing their industry to this country in consequence of the new tariff law:

The changes brought about by the tariff act of 1890 have induced the establishment in this country of new industries which command special protection, and the building of branch houses of manufacturing establishments of prominence in Great Britain and upon the Continent. Of these foreign corporations, which have established themselves in the American field, perhaps none is better known than the firm of A. Mitchell, jr., & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland, the celebrated manufacturers of fine Scotch ginghams. The original founders have retired from the active management of the business, and younger men have come upon the field, and through the enterprise of the younger men connected with the new firm of A. Mitchell, jr., & Sons, they are building a large plant at Fitchburg, Mass., under the direction and management of S. Roger Mitchell, esq.

This is certainly disinterested testimony to the rapid development of American manufactures under the new tariff law, and entirely a consequence of it. These new industries employ large numbers of workmen, who, with their families, are added to the consuming population for the food products raised by our farmers. Their wages are spent here in place of in England; their accumulations, both as workmen and proprietors, go to increase our national wealth.

SECRETARY BLAINE is giving the Democracy a great deal of trouble just now. They won't be satisfied until he wins the Presidency.

CHILI'S ATTITUDE.

The new Chilian government is reported as flatly refusing to accede to the demands of the United States government for the punishment of those concerned in the cowardly and murderous attack upon the men of the cruiser Baltimore, indemnity to the families of the victims, and a proper apology for the gross insult offered to our flag.

There is nothing in this demand that is not just and proper. The refusal shows that the Chilian government is resentful over the Itata affair, and because the United States did not espouse the cause of the Congressional junta when the revolution broke out. The course of this government has been the only proper one throughout the whole difficulty; and it is to be hoped the new government will, very speedily, reconsider its present hasty action in refusing to make due reparation.

If, unfortunately, it does not, there is but one course to pursue—by force o arms compel compliance, and avenge the insult to our flag. The stars and stripes must be recognized as an ample protection to every American citizen, no matter where he may be. We need to pursue the self-respecting policy of Great Britain in this regard. She never allows an insult to her flag to pass. If not atoned for, she takes ample revenge. Chili is a sister republic, but she must learn that Uncle SAM is able and ready o protect his citizens and his flag.

HOWEVER much opinions may differ as to the standing of Gen. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER in the political world, no one can question the eminent services which he has rendered to his country both in civil and military life, and all must feel an interest in the story of his checkered career. Like many more, indeed like the large majority of our successful men, Gen. BUTLER had to fight his way up from very near the bottom of the social ladder. The story of his early struggles, his study and practice of law, his diversified political career before and after the civil war, and his connection with that famous struggle, are told in detail in the Revised Encyclopædia. So too, in that invaluable work the youth of the land may read the biographies of thousands of the most distinguished men and women of the age, not Americans alone, but the leaders of thought and action in every country. Read the splendid offer we make for this encyclopædia on the 7th page of this issue.

HERE'S TIN PLATE, MR. PLAIN DEALER!

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, in its Friday issue, sets out on a pretended hunt after "bright" tin plate, to supply large canning works at Conneaut. The *Plain Dealer* says:

Major McKinley, his organs and his blowers and his strikers have been noisily declaring that tin plate mills are in operation all over the country or nearly ready for business. We beg to submit to them a question propounded in a letter just received from a heavy Ohio consumer of tin plate.

We have before referred to the extensive canning works at Conneaut, said to be the largest canners of tomatoes, corn and pumpkin in the world. The proprietor writes us, under date of October 29: "We are in the market for 6,000 boxes I C 14x20 bright tin plate for our business in 1892. November is the month we usually contract for a large part of what we need, delivery to commence about February 1, 1892. As yet we have no offers from American manufacturers; why are they not pushing for our business? We are solicited almost every day by manufacturers of other supplies we need.

THE BLADE is very happy to have it in its power to assist a Democratic contemporary in its laudable search after information. We might say that it is quite certain the *Plain Dealer* is only bluffing, because THE BLADE and other Republican papers have already published the names of some twenty firms engaged in the manufacture of American tin or terne plate. We have printed the statements of tinners and others who have used the American plate, who testify to its excellence. We have published the fact that a Boston manufacturer of engines has taken contracts for furnishing two engines, costing between $13,000 and $20,000, to run machinery of large tin plate plants now building; and certainly the *Plain Dealer* cannot have failed to note these things. Be that as it may, however, we find in the Boston *Journal* of October 29, the following letter from a gentleman of that city, from which it will be seen he offers to furnish either American "bright" tin or terne plate, of any size desired, warranted equal to the best English grades, at the rate of 2,000 boxes a week, shipments to begin at once. The Conneaut establishment will have no difficulty whatever in having its little order filled, and duplicated as often as it may wish. Here is the letter:

BOSTON, Oct. 28, 1891.

The *Herald* of October 16 contains a speech by a "Mrs. Gougar," of Indiana, in which she says that she made an extended visit to a tin plate mill in Piqua, Ohio, and there learned many singular things; among others that the said mill was making no plate, and had nothing to make it with save "what had cost not more than $25 outside an old-fashioned soap kettle." Her conclusion was that the McKinley bill, in relation to the tin plate industry, and the assertion that tin plates can be and are manufactured here under the provisions of that bill are the "most outrageous fake and fraud ever perpetrated on a reading public."

In view of which I have the honor to say that I will furnish to Mrs. Gougar, or to any one, for cash, or approved paper, the very best of tin plate, either bright tin or terne, in any size desired, from 14x20 to 20x28, equal to the best English quality, at the rate of 2,000 boxes a week, shipments to begin as soon as the purchaser may wish. The said tin plate will be made in the city of Philadelphia, by American employes, American men, American material, and are American in every sense of the word.

Yours truly, GEORGE H. LLOYD.

The *Plain Dealer* has been, during the entire campaign, scoffing at the idea that there is any American tin plate made, and in various ways has endeavored to discredit the rapid growth of this new industry among us. We now ask it to open communication at once with Mr. LLOYD. No doubt he will send it a sample sheet or two of American bright tin, and we hope it will have the honesty and manhood then to acknowledge that it has been an abominable liar for political purposes during the entire campaign.

THE Chicago *Herald* has revived the memory of the assassination of Col. CLAYTON in Arkansas, and endeavors to show that it was not done by partisan haters who murdered him for political purposes. The attempt falls dismally. The remembrance of that event will ever remain a disgrace to the Democracy of the South and Arkansas especially, and the blot of shame has not yet been removed from Senators and Congressmen who were prone to withhold evidence convicting the murderers.

MR. MCGRATH, the late president of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance, reports that its membership has been reduced from 140,000 in 1890 to 60,000 in 1891. Such a decline as that betokens a speedy dissolution.

WHO FOR 1892?

THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

Send Us Your Card, and Express Your Views as to the Man to Nominate Next Year.

At the present time the prospects for Republican success in the Presidential campaign of 1892 are decidedly good. The Democratic party has not only tied itself irrevocably to the issue of British free trade, but has also largely committed itself, at least all over the West and South, to the free silver coinage issue; and these facts render it more than probable that the Republican candidate for the Presidency next year will be successful.

In the present condition of things, the question of leadership in that campaign is the paramount one. As many an army goes to defeat, not because of lack of numbers or of personal courage in the rank and file, but because the general in command was unwise in his management; so it may be said that the question of success to the Republicans next year is largely one of the candidate. So clearly is this fact recognized that there is a remarkably deep interest already shown in the discussion of the availability of certain prominent Republicans.

It is a matter that admits of no doubt that President HARRISON is in the field for a renomination. That his official course thus far has been a very wise, safe and conservative one, even his political enemies admit. On the other hand, this puts the Republican party under no obligation whatever to renominate him. The tendency is unmistakable, within the last few years, to give a President but one term. How deep this feeling may be in the Republican party of the nation, we have no definite means of knowing, and we desire light upon the subject.

Of course, JAMES G. BLAINE is the first choice of a very large number of the Republicans of the nation, against any and all others. His high qualifications, his superb statesmanship—which has been so strongly evidenced in his official career as secretary of State under the present administration—and his magnetic presence, for he is a born leader of men, make him without doubt extremely popular among the rank and file of his party. MR. BLAINE has been ill, but his summer at Bar Harbor has restored him to complete health, and he is now again at the head of the State department, in the full vigor of his faculties.

There is no question that the nomination lies chiefly between these two men—the President and the Secretary of State. Besides them, there are a number of other leading Republicans, any one of whom would make a strong President. Among them the names of Hon. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, Hon. WALTER Q. GRESHAM, Senator ALLISON, of Iowa; Gen. ALGER, of Michigan; ex Speaker THOS. B. REED, of Maine, and others will occur to every reader. As far as THE BLADE is concerned, it will support, with all the vim and vigor at its command, the nominee of next year's Republican convention.

We can say with entire truth, and without egotism, that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe, as we have said above, that the question of success hinges largely upon the selection of a proper standard-bearer, and we propose that THE BLADE'S readers shall express their preferences as to the proper candidate through its columns. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
1.—[Here put 1st choice.]
2.—[Here put 2d choice.]
HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country.

Send us your postal card at once!

FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Every reader of THE BLADE is requested to read the announcement at the head of the "Publisher

Publishers' Desk.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 11x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquered soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving even houses and city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Pretorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored Him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who had all craved him to help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

Last fall we printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four of THE BLADE'S pages, and sold many thousand copies. The Ohio campaign has renewed the demand; so we have just issued a new edition, which is now ready. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added notes to the different schedules, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send two copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," including the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.
RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin.
EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait..... 25c
Any three portraits..... 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Simpler Than Counting Out.

"I went to the South a few years ago," said a handsomely dressed and bright-spoken young man at Chamberlin's last night, "to improve my financial status and grow up with the country. I have prospered down there, made hosts of stanch friends and learned to vote the Democratic ticket, a thing I had never done in my former home. In the town I now live in there are about eight thousand people, 5,000 of whom are colored, and the voters of the latter class are solidly Republican. The whites, of course, are on the other side. The municipal officers are always Democrats, in spite of the fact that the opposition has a heavy majority. Do we count them out? Not at all; the process is much simpler and devoid of all scullduggery. You see, we have a board of commissioners—five Democrats and two Republicans—who have to approve the bonds of all officials. When the Republicans elect their ticket their candidates present themselves with their bonds before the commissioners for approval. Instead of being approved they are rejected, and then our people come forward and fill the places."—[Washington Post.

To Kill the "Ker-Chew!"

To suppress a sneeze—a thing very often desirable—press the finger hard against the upper lip. It will always prevent a sneeze.

Science Causerie.

A Wonderful Lake.

A dispatch from San Francisco says a wonderful lake, called Alla Pakal, has been discovered on the Hawaiian Islands. Its waters are more salt than those of the Dead Sea. The dispatch gives these particulars: "The water, which in dry weather deposits salt abundantly, is, of course, saturated with brine, yet it differs essentially from the brine obtained by evaporation of ordinary sea water. The difference is strikingly shown by merely mixing two clear fluids, when a copious deposit immediately forms of sulphate of lime, so that the mixture almost solidifies. The sea water contains sulphate of magnesia in abundance, but scarcely any lime, while the salt lake water contains chloride of calcium, lime salt, with only a trace of sulphate, in composition. The water of Alla Pakai approaches close to that of the Dead Sea. Analysis shows that it contains at present more saline matter than has ever been reported, so far as knowledge goes, from the Dead Sea. The specific gravity of the water, even at a temperature of 80° Fahrenheit, is 1.256; at standard temperature it would, of course, be higher. The water of the Dead Sea is considerably lighter, its specific gravity having been found by different observators to range from 1.13 (Lynch) to 1.24 (Lavolsier)." Another remarkable thing about the water is that it contains an extraordinary large percentage of lime.

Our Future Food Supply.

Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan university, has written an article for the November *Century* on "The Food-Supply of the Future." He believes that the doctrine of Malthus—that the time will come when there will not be food enough for the human race, owing to the theory that population increases in a geometrical and food-supply in an arithmetical ratio—is one which need never give the world any uneasiness owing to the great advances that are being made in chemistry. Professor Atwater declares that science has shown what are the essential factors in vegetable production, and that plants can now be grown in water and in sand by adding certain chemicals. In his article he will give the results of many interesting experiments. One of these is described as follows: "Sea-sand was brought from the shore of Long Island sound. To divest it of every possible material which the plant might use for food except the sand itself, it was carefully washed with water and then heated. It was put into glass jars, water was added and minute quantities of chemical salts were dissolved in it. Dwarf peas, planted in this sand, grew to a height of eight feet, while peas of the same kind, planted by a skillful gardener in the rich soil of a garden close by, reached a height of only four feet."

The Largest Telescopes.

The twelve largest refracting telescopes are those of the Lick Observatory, with an aperture of 36 inches; Yale University, 28; United States Naval, 26; Leander McCormick, 26; Princeton, 23; Denver, 20; Smithsonian, 20; Dearborn, 18.5; Carleton College, 16.2; Warner, 16; Washington, 15.5, and Harvard, 15. The largest reflecting telescopes are those of Harvard College, 28 inches, and the Rev. Dr. John Peate, 22. Dr. Peate, who is an amateur maker, is now finishing up a 31½ inch silver-on-glass mirror, which will be presented to the Allegheny College at Meadville. When mounted, it will be the largest reflecting telescope in this country. There are numerous reflectors made by Brasheer, from 9 to 12 inches in diameter. The Clarks are now grinding an object glass of 40 inches for a telescope to be mounted in an observatory yet to be built on Mount Wilson, in Southern California. Though the Lick Observatory possesses the largest telescope at present, Harvard College has the best equipped observatory for general astronomical work in America, and one of the best in the world.

Soaking Pencils in Oil.

A new discovery has been made by railroad clerks in Pittsburg regarding the saving of lead pencils. This will be a great boon to those who are continually using expletives and borrowing pocket knives on account of the frailty of good, soft led in a pencil. Every one who has much rapid writing to perform prefers a soft pencil, but nothing has come to public light so far by which the lead can to an extent be preserved. The P., C., C. & St. L. clerks have brought about a new era in the pencil business; also have they morally benefited humanity, inasmuch as they decrease violation of the Third Commandment. The new idea to preserve a soft pencil is to take a gross of the useful article and place them in a jar of linseed oil. Allow them to remain to soak until the oil thoroughly permeates every particle of the wood and lead. This has the effect of softening the mineral, at the same time making it tough and durable. It has been found very useful and saving, an ordinary pencil being used twice as long under the new treatment.

Tasman Sea.

A new name has been given to a part of the Pacific ocean. A sort of a basin is formed by the east coast of Australia and Tasmania, New Zealand and the western islands of the Polynesian groups, which, in the opinion of Australian geographers, should have a distinctive name. The Australian Association for the Advancement of Science has accordingly given to this basin the name of Tasman sea, and the English admiralty has ordered that the name be inserted upon the admiralty charts.

Paved With Gold.

The streets of Virginia City, Nev., are paved with waste rock from the dumps of the Comstock mines. Recent repairs led to an analysis of the stone in this pavement, and it showed from $9 to $50 in silver per ton. With the present prices of Comstock mining shares, such rock would not be thrown away.

Scientific Notes.

The fall of rain in the mountains of Southern California has greatly increased since the formation of Salton Lake.

A surgical society is about to be founded in Sweden. It will be comprised of Scandinavians only, and will hold its first meeting next year.

Henry Villard is quoted as having expressed a belief "that all trains of the Northern Pacific will, before long, be operated entirely by electric power."

A maritime laboratory of biology and zoology will be open next year at Bergen, Norway. Situated in a region where the marine fauna is particularly rich and interesting, it is destined to render great service to science. It has been decided to allow the free use of the establishment to foreign savants.

Prof. Rudolph Virchow, the great German scientist, has reached his 70th year. Professor Virchow is the originator of the cell-growth theory of disease, which has been characterized "the most important step in pathology" of the period, in that it has "little less than revolutionized pathological study."

Dr. Mitscherlich has invented a stuff made from the fibers of wood. Thin boards with the knots taken out, are treated with a solution of sulphuric acid in a hollow boilers. Not only the hard matter, which is the cause of the brittleness of wood fibers, is eliminated by this treatment, but the fiber itself is chemically transformed. It is bleached, and becomes silky as well as strong and elastic. It is then treated in the same manner as any other goods, that is, combed, spun and finally woven into stuffs of exceeding fineness and different varieties.

Humboldt estimated that Asia stands at an average height of 1,150 feet above the level of the ocean; South America, 1,130; North America, 750; Europe, 671 feet. The average height of all the land above sea level—omitting Africa and Australia, which are mostly south of the equator—is about 820 feet. The landed surface of the Northern hemisphere is about 44,000,000 square miles; that of the Southern hemisphere about 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 square miles, leaving a difference of say 28,000,000 square miles of land of an average height of 920 feet above sea level.

Canadians Coming.

Canadians are pouring into the United States. On one train the other day there were 230, who intend to live hereafter in the United States.

Send 4c. for "Bell Shirt" pattern. Mrs. Flesher's Ladies' Tailor System taught by mail, sent on 30 days' trial to any address. Flesher & Co., 30 East Fourteenth St., New York.

HERE WAS A RARE GENIUS

PATTERSON, A SCOTCH WEAVER,

Carved on the Cliffs of His Native Town a Remarkable Representation of the Prisoner of Chilion —A Thorwaldsen.

John Patterson had genius and a big family. And he was poor. It was a bad mixture. He couldn't nourish both genius and the big family, and being a humane man and irresponsible for the existence of the former, and responsible for the presence of the latter, he cheerfully and manfully faced his parental obligations and told genius to take a back seat. Pity 'tis, 'twas so; although we have less reason to complain than we should have had had the humble John passed away without leaving an evidence of his wonderful natural abilities. And Dysart—dear old Dysart—would have been poorer by far.

The Auld Burgh Toon.

I suppose you know of Dysart. What! Not know of Dysart? Never heard of the earles of Dysart, those wise men of "Ye Kingdom?"

Clambering along the rugged slopes of the eastern Fifeshire coast, near what may properly be termed the waist line of Scotland, is the little, irregular, old fashioned town of Dysart, says a writer in the Chicago *Herald*. Books do not record its wonderful story; its history is writ in stones.

The waters of the German sea dash into the Firth of Forth, sweep round the little bay on the shore of which nestles the auld burgh town, kiss its feet and roll back into the ocean. Towering near the water edge is the greatest object of interest in the town—the ruin of the once famous cathedral of St. Serfs. It is a monument to the architectural glory of a far-away past. The great blocks of masonry, worn by the ceaseless grind of time, the massive walls and the remarkable arches tell of an age by no means devoid of architectural triumphs. Hoar, slanting tombstones lie between the ruins and the sea. The place is neglected, the once magnificent structure is now a pigeon-roost where the feathered possessions of Lord Rosslyn bill and coo, the table stones are overgrown with thick, long grass, and the visitors of this "God's acre" are the town boys who play "hide and seek," "I spy" and other games among the tombs and gather the blackberries that grow where

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Like the tree of its seal, Dysart seems to be flourishing. Paving, drainage and new buildings have greatly altered the face of the town. Gone are the old-time industries; gone, too, most of the old-fashioned dwellings. Where are the quaint, one-story houses, with their clean, whitewashed, rough-molded wall- and red tile roofs; the shiny window panes obscured by snowy white curtains (or "blinds," as the "natives called them); the sanded entries on either side of which lay those dear old-world gardens of groset bushes, apple trees, gardener's carters, bachelor's buttons, sweet peas, wall-flower and sweet William with their cluster of purple and crimson color!

The change in this respect is no greater than the industrial revolution. The hand loom and the salt pans were the centers of trade; half a dozen linen factories and spinning mills and as many coal mines have taken their place. Well do we remember the rickety, tickety, tick, tick, tick of the weaver's shuttles, which on a warm summer day gave the slumberous old place an air of deeper lethargy.

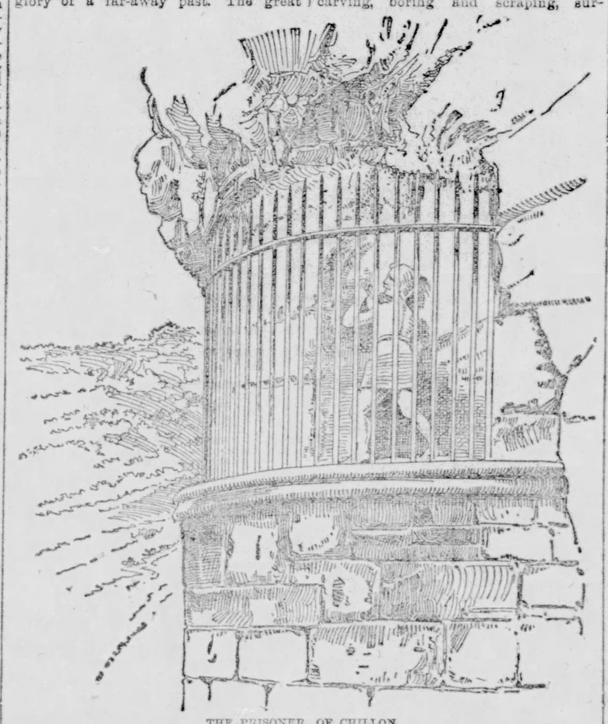
Here Lived John Patterson.

It is to such a place that "the star that rules our luckless lot" sent John Patterson to preside at a hand loom and weave bed ticking and table linen. It must have been an accident that brought him into possession of a copy of Byron's poems for times were hard, and it was only by long and trying labor that he kept the porridge pot well filled. While waiting one day for a new web he turned to the "Prisoner of Chillon," and here is what he read:

And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less,
I listen'd, but I could not hear,
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound;
I burst my chain with one strong bound;
I rushed to him, I found him not;
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last, last, single, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race
Was broken in this fatal place.

John Patterson couldn't sleep that night. He walked the floor like a man demented. Early next morning he left the house with a hammer and chisel in his pocket and a mile east of the town he attacked the red sandstone cliff. But the section on which he worked gave way and like a flash from dear life. Nothing daunted, he set to work on another portion of the red rock. Night after night when the day's labor was finished he was at his favorite resort carving, boring and scraping, surrounded by gaping crowds of his fellow townsmen. At last after long and patient labor the finishing touches were given and the work was complete. There was no unveiling, no speech making, no banquet. John Patterson cast a lingering glance at his pet work, hit his cutty pipe, stowed away his hammer and chisel and went home to weave bed ticking and table linen that the hungry stomachs of his weans might be filled. But the work remains and will endure long after Byron's famous poem is forgotten.

It is to a common stonemason that Scotland owes one of its best statues of Sir Walter Scott; it is to plain John Patterson, the Dysart handloom weaver, that we are indebted for "The Man in the Rock." Some day—the sooner the better—the "Sant Burgh" may tear down the Victoria jubilee lamp that stands in the center of the town and on the site erect to the honor of John Patterson, handloom weaver and sculptor, a fitting monument. And when that day arrives none will more willingly assist than the Dysart laddies now resident in Chicago.



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

NEARLY READY TO FIGHT.

America's First Modern Armor Clad Under Hasty Orders.

There was a surprise at the Brooklyn navy yard on October 27, said the New York *Herald*, when Commander Erben received orders from Washington to place the double turreted monitor Miantonomoh in commission at noon, thus hurrying the event which was looked for, but which Captain Montgomery Sicard, the monitor's commander, did not expect for three or four days.

A detachment of about twenty seamen from the Vermont, preceded by a drummer, fifer and bugler, escorted Capt. Theodore F. Kane and the officers of the Miantonomoh to the monitor, where they assembled with the crew on the quarter deck. Capt. Kane then turned over the Miantonomoh to Capt. Sicard, one quartermaster ran up the American flag, another hoisted the captain's pennant and the drummer gave three ruffles on his drum. Capt. Sicard then read his orders and the ceremony was over.

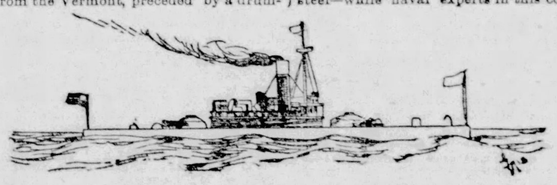
Following are the names of the officers so far ordered to the Miantonomoh: Capt. Montgomery Sicard, Lieutenant Commander Asa Walker, Lieut. E. E. Capehart, Chief Engineer G. W. Magee and Surgeon James W. Flint.

One hundred men were assigned to the monitor and the remainder of the crew will be ready in a few days. Should the monitor be called upon to go to Chile, Commander Erben says, by a hard hustle, she can leave within a week.

The Miantonomoh has been in course of construction since the war, having been originally built of oak. She was rebuilt of iron in 1872 and in 1883 she was taken to the navy yard, where she has since been undergoing alterations and repairs that have practically made a new ship of her. The monitor lacks no modern feature, though her armor is not of the latest design, being compound armor—composed of shingled iron and steel—while naval experts in this country regard nickel-steel armor as the best.

The Miantonomoh has 12½ inches of blended steel and iron on her sides and turrets. Each turret contains two 10-inch modern rifles throwing a 500-pound steel projectile. On her superstructure and military mast she will carry two 6-pound and two 3-pound rapid fire guns, two 37-millimetre revolving cannon and two Gatlings.

The total cost of the Miantonomoh is nearly a million and a half dollars. She has a length over all of 262 feet, and her extreme breadth 55 feet and two inches.



HOW LENSES ARE MADE.

The Art of Manufacturing Spectacles Reduced to a Science.

The art of making spectacles, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, has been reduced to a science. The bit of glass to be formed into lens is fastened by means of pitch to a small block of hard rubber so that it may be more readily handled. It is ground by being pressed against a rapidly revolving metal tool, whose curvature is equal and opposite to that desired in the lens. This is known as the "rough tool" and is made of cast iron. It is mounted on a vertical spindle, and is kept moistened with emery and water. Several grades of emery are used in succession, changing from coarse to fine as the grinding proceeds. As a result of this process the glass has a rough surface and is no longer transparent. It now is transferred to the "fine tool." This is made of brass and has its surface as true as possible. It is compared from time to time with a standard curve in order to insure accuracy.

In this second grinding the abraiding material is rouge (carefully calcined sulphate of iron). Finally the lens is polished by being pressed against a piece of cloth powdered with rouge and fastened to the rotating tool. The glass is now loosened from its block, turned over and the reverse side of the lens ground. When this has been accomplished the lens must be cut down to the proper shape for mounting in the spectacle frame. It is placed on a leather cushion and held firmly in position by a rubber-tipped arm, while a diamond glass cutter passing around an oval guide traces a similar oval on the glass below.

The superfluous glass outside the oval is removed by steel pincers, the rough edges are ground smooth on Scotch wheels and the lens is ready for mounting. The glasses for small telescopes, microscopes, burning glasses and the like are ground in the same fashion.

France and Russia.

In Paris are to be seen everywhere colored lithographs, representing the czar and President Carnot united under entwined French and Russian flags. The cafes chantants have the Russian hymn, which is solemn and dolorous enough, sung and played nightly. Paris has not had such a sensation since Boulanger was in his glory, and *Figaro* says the signs that Paris is wearying are to be seen by those who understand the words Parisian.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

THEY WORSHIPPED THERE

LITTLE FORT COLUMBUS CHAPEL

Has an Interesting History for Military Men—Prayer Books Used by Grant, Lee, Sherman, Scott and Jackson Preserved.

The New York *Herald* says that down on Governor's Island, at the southeastern end, there is situated among a group of historic trees, a small wooden structure which has sheltered more military men who have afterward become prominently identified with American history than any other one building upon the continent, barring the barracks at West Point.

Few persons except army officers who have been detailed to duty on the island or their intimate friends know of the building's existence, and fewer still could relate with any degree of accuracy its history. The building is located upon the carefully kept lawn of the officer's quarters, and is reached by a prim, narrow path from the latter place, and a broader one from the open, grim-looking sally port of the old South Battery.

From the weather beaten steps which lead up to the gothic doorway the panorama of the bay, Staten Island and the shores of the military station are laid before the visitors. Grim, frowning cannon and ominous looking shells, formidable a decade ago, but harmless and obsolete now, in which English sparrows had been nesting and mating since the fall at Appomattox, surround the building. Long rows of casemate guns, field pieces mounted, and piles of solid shot and shells, meet the eye everywhere, but for some reason fail to disturb the tranquil atmosphere which permeates the scene.

The structure is a small one story brown stone building, in which symmetrical outlines have given way to solidity. It is weather beaten, and no wonder, for it has withstood the storms of half a century.

The little church—for church it is—is known as Fort Columbus Chapel, and every army officer of any prominence who has resided in the vicinity in times departed has worshipped beneath the sharply slanting roof.

Among them were General Grant, when a young lieutenant fresh from Mexican victories; General Winfield Scott, General Worth, General Custer, General Sherman, years before he thought of that famous march to the sea; General Robert E. Lee, while a colonel in the United States army stationed at a fort further down the harbor, and General Hancock. "One-armed" Phil Kearney, as Jerseymen

FORT COLUMBUS CHAPEL.

afterward delighted to call him; President Lincoln, when on a visit to the island with several of his cabinet officers, and General Stonewall Jackson, when a lieutenant, are a few more of those who spent mornings in the little brown chapel.

The older of the Battery boatmen have also grown to know the tones of the chapel bell when, mingled with the Sunday morning bugle call, they are wafted across the river to where their boats are moored.

The Rev. John McVicker, who was for years a professor in Columbia College, is the man whose efforts succeeded in having the government concede the ground and raised the money to erect the building. In 1840 Dr. McVicker received a commission as chaplain in the United States army, and was assigned during the latter part of the same year to duty in old Fort Columbus, then a military post. Dr. McVicker immediately petitioned the government for ground on which to erect a chapel, and seconded by Gen. Scott his efforts proved successful. A plot containing 150 square feet was, by the especial order of the government, set aside for religious purposes, and one year later the work on the little brown building, which stands at the end of Officers' row was begun. Contributions flowed in from churchmen, officers and soldiers, and within three months from the time the work began the building was completed.

Then followed a period of comparative quiet until the Mexican war came, when the chapel, through the efforts of Dr. McVicker, became a bureau for intelligence concerning soldiers at the front.

The hard benches which the heroes occupied during the services are carefully marked and displayed with pride to admiring visitors. Prayer books which between the Mexican and civil wars were used by Scott, Hancock, Sherman, President Lincoln, Generals Lee, Jackson and Worth are still preserved.

Dr. McVicker remained in charge of his illustrious flock until it was separated by the rebellion. Gen. Lee had long since gone South, Grant had left for the West, others had died, and still others went to the front. In 1863 Dr. McVicker resigned his commission, and then for four years various chaplains were detailed to the work.

Fort Columbus was dropped from the list of army forts at the close of the war, but the chapel attached to the chaplaincy was allowed to remain undisturbed. The services dropped off, and finally officers and churchmen began to talk of placing the chapel in the control of a New York church corporation. Two years were allowed to elapse, however, before definite action was taken. Trinity church then agreed to maintain clergymen to officiate, provided the chapel and the ground upon which it was located be ceded to the church. To this the War department consented on August 19, 1868, and Fort Columbus chapel became a ward of Trinity. The Rev. Dr. Alexander Davidson was appointed rector, but his term was a short one.

When the yellow fever scourge became epidemic upon the island in 1870 Dr. Davidson remained at his post ministering to the stricken soldiery. Finally he caught the disease himself, and died within a stone's throw of the little brown building. Then the Rev. E. H. Goodwin was appointed, and he has retained the post up to the present time.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Paris has 181,000 foreigners.
Steam hammers are a success.
A child's swing runs a churn.
Buttons are made from blood.
Germany leads in paper mills.
Coffee mills run by electricity.
England has 12,893 Irish soldiers.
Electricity stops runaway horses.
Sacramento has 1,000 union men.
Bitter almonds are counterfeited.
Coal is mined in thirty-one states.
Jay Gould is an amateur gardener.
Indiana coopers will be organized.
California raises the cork oak tree.
Michigan has a 156 by 50 foot barn.
Indianapolis agitates a labor temple.
Virginia has 110,579 acres of tobacco.
Texas leads in cigarette consumption.
German silver was invented in China.
Paris talks of an underground railroad.
San Francisco has a $3,500,000 residence.

But Oleo Has Its Own Flavor.

Flavoring butter with the odor of fresh flowers is one of the arts of the French peasantry. The process is very simple, and consists of putting the little fruits, which have first been wrapped in a thin cloth, into a tight porcelain dish on a bed of roses, or whatever blossoms are chosen. Among the flowers which give the most desirable results are clover and nasturtiums.

Holding Their Own.

Tom De Witt.—Those trousers hold their shape well, Schneider.

Schneider.—It's all in the making, sir. Tom De Witt.—I thought so; you see hey bagged at the knees the first day I wore them, and they've kept the same shape ever since.—[Puck.

THE CHILEAN AFFAIR.

Its Present Status—Chile's Contemptuous Reply to Our Demands.

Chicago Tribune.

The reply of the Chilean government to the communication sent from Washington demanding an explanation of the recent murderous outrage inflicted upon American navy sailors and petty officers of the Baltimore by the Chilean police in the service of that government is curt and insulting. By all the laws of courtesy and of international procedure it was incumbent upon the Chilean Junta, after receiving a communication of this kind, to show that Capt. Schley's report is incorrect. If it cannot show that it is erroneous then it is its duty to make apology and reparation. If it declines to do so then it must be made to do it at all hazards and at whatever cost. The reply is but a repitition of insult made in a deliberate manner. The Chilean government contemptuously throws the communication into the official wastebasket and declines to recognize any authority or jurisdiction on the part of our government. Chile will make its investigation when it pleases, in secret, we are told, and when the proper time comes it will make known the result. Meanwhile, admitting the "sincerity, rectitude and expertness of the investigation made on board the Baltimore," it pays no attention to it.

An attempt has been made already to draw a parallel between the attitude of the government in this Chilean matter and the course it pursued in the Mafia case at New Orleans. The two cases do not parallel, however. The men who were lynched in New Orleans belonged to a secret band of assassins, which had planned and carried out the murder of the chief of police of that city. All but two of them were citizens of the United States, and those two were taking steps to be naturalized. They were living under the protection of Louisiana laws. They murdered a high city peace officer, and as the courts failed to punish them for their crime the citizens punished them. They were the aggressors and they paid the penalty. They were in no sense officers or seamen of Italy's navy. In the case of the outrage at Valparaiso the victims of Chilean brutality were United States sailors wearing the American uniform, doing duty on a warship of this government. They differed only in degree from the admiral of the fleet and the captain of their vessel. They were representatives of the United States in a foreign port. They were assaulted while peacefully riding in a street car of Valparaiso. Two of them were stabbed by the city police and killed, several others were wounded by bayonet stabs, and thirty-five were dragged off to jail without cause or offense except they were part of the American navy force. The police not only made no effort to protect them but joined in the assault. The sailors were completely unarmed, which shows not only that they could not offer resistance but that they did not expect attack. The assault was unprovoked, except as the Chileans hate this country. It can have no other meaning than a purpose to insult the American government in the person of its representatives and to display the vindictive hatred of Chileans towards this country.

Chile must now be compelled to answer for this outrageous assault and unprovoked insult, and there need be no doubt that this government will promptly assert its rights and defend its dignity under the operation of that principle in international law which "requires every national government to use due diligence to prevent a wrong being done within its own dominion to another nation with which it is at peace or to the people thereof."

The immediate duty of the administration is to get its warships on the coast as speedily as possible and enforce its demands. The Chilean offenders must be brought to justice, an apology must be made, and an indemnity must be paid, with added costs for extra expenses, following the precedent of Germany in its settlement with France, of Russia in dealing with Turkey, and of England with China. If necessary the nitrate beds should be seized and held, and all possible damage must be inflicted upon the enemy's ports and vessels until it shall consent to answer for the outrage it has committed. Meanwhile the incident shows the suddenness with which a war cloud may blow up when least expected. It should impress upon congress the duty of still further strengthening our navy with swift and powerful cruisers, of perfecting our seacoast defenses, and of helping on the work of completing the Nicaragua canal so that vexatious delays in a case like this may be avoided in future.

KILLED A BIG DEVILFISH.

But Not Until It Had Amused Itself Running Away with a Schooner.

A party of fishermen that came into Tampa, Florida, the other day, attracted great attention on account of the variety and size of fish brought in by them. All day long a steady stream of sightseers visited the boat and asked the men questions regarding their adventures.

The fishermen brought with them the skins of one magnificent tarpons, weighing, when caught, from 125 to 200 pounds. The greatest curiosity was a fine devilfish. It had a large flat body with two long flippers extending like the point of a star from its sides. The breadth of the fish from tip to top of these flippers was just 11 feet 7 inches. A man could be taken in its huge mouth, as it was twenty inches in breadth. From eye to eye the head was thirty-six inches across, the eyes protruding on the outside of two big feelers, which are used by the fish in eating, and project in front of the head about ten inches. From the point of these feelers to the end of the tail was 11 feet 8½ inches. The fish was estimated to weigh fully 1,200 pounds, but there was no way of getting the weight accurately when the fish was first caught.

The creature was skinned on the wharf. Nearly half of the under part of the body was taken up by the gills, which were laid in close rows, with a fringy line of filaments on one side, then a coarse cellular tissue, backed on the opposite side with the most delicate, gauzy membrane. The large flappers at the side were dissected and found to consist of strong muscles underlying and overlying a row of bones, which were joined both lengthwise and crosswise. On cutting out two of the ribs lengthwise they were found to be bound together by strong sinews. The fish was slivery white underneath and black on top.

The fishermen had an exciting time catching the monster, and it towed their three-ton schooner over an hour when harpooned. It was first seen at about 5 p. m. playing in the shallow water near Egmont Key. Running up, they harpooned it with a lilly iron. It at once leaped high into the air, flung itself, and then started with a rush for deep water. The schooner turned with a whirl and was towed along rapidly. The big fish plunged frantically and leaped in the air in its efforts to shake out the iron. It would run straight for half a mile, and then suddenly swing under the vessel, whirling the schooner like a toy.

Fire was opened on the monster with Winchesters every time it appeared above water, but they seemed to make him only more furious. At the fifth volley it turned suddenly and rushed for the vessel. The men were crowded at the side, and the fish struck the schooner just below them, throwing them down on the deck and breaking the collar bone of one of the sailors. The fish seemed to be somewhat stunned by the blow, and floated. Two more harpoons were put into it, and musket balls were fired into its big body. Ropes were then thrown around it, and it was drawn aboard, it taking the united strength of all seven men to get it up.

Dread.

She is painting, she is painting,
And her friends grow pale and thin
For fear she'll send them
Hollyhocks,
Or mullein stalks,
Or Jacob's-rocks,
On painted plaques
When Christmas time comes in.
—Buffalo Enquirer.

Horrible!

Pipkin.—Weeks was blackballed at the last meeting of the Saugus branch of the Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Potts.—Any cause assigned?

Pipkin.—A member denounced him for making a speech in which he advocated throwing "physic to the dogs. —[Puck.

THESE PORTRAITS REPRESENT SOME OF OUR WORKERS.—We have taught and started many laboring people, who are now making snug little fortunes at the business. We can and will, if you please, teach you quickly, and without pay, how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you grow. Both sexes; all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare time to the work. What we offer is new, and it has been proved over and over again, that great pay is sure for every worker. Easy to learn. No special ability required. Reasonable industry only necessary for large success. We start you, furnishing everything. We teach you free. This is one of the great public chances. Now is the time. Delays are dangerous. Write at once. Grasp your opportunity and secure a good business at once. It will not take long to get a start that will surprise you. Every one who takes hold at once secures a big income. Don't fail to write us at once. Full particulars free. Better write at once. GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box 1860, Portland, Maine.

FREE For 30 Days, in order to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS in your vicinity and thus create a demand for our work, we make you the following bona-fide offer: Send us a good photograph, or tin-type, or a daguerreotype of yourself, husband, wife, child, or any deceased member of your family. Bring or send, and we will make you one of our finest Crayon Portraits free of charge, provided you exhibit it to your friends and use your influence in securing us future orders. Cut this out and return it to us with your photograph, and we will do the rest. Size of portrait 22x28 inches. We can ship your portrait accordingly. Tanquery Portrait Society, 741 DeKalb Av., Brooklyn, N.Y. References: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., and Commercial Agency of R. DUN & CO.

PATRICK EGAN.

The Man Intrusted With United Sam's Business in Chile.

The United States government demands from that of Chile an explanation of the bloody attack on American seamen in Valparaiso and reparation for the injuries inflicted. Chile must disprove the official report on which the demands are based, or, failing to do this, either yield to the demands cited or risk the event of war with the United States. Preparations have been made which would give the American fleet now in, or proceeding to, Chilian waters the necessary means of attack, provided that—which is very unlikely—the Chilian government should refuse to honor American demands.

Patrick Egan, United States minister in Chile, is the man who has presented these demands. His appointment to

HOME TALKS.

TRUTH VS. FALSEHOOD.

Take Interest in a Person's Hobby and You Win His Good Will —Not a Very Hard Thing to Do.

"DO YOU think she is absolutely truthful?"

"Certainly I do, so far as she knows what truth is."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. What is truth to one is not to another. People see things so differently. I sometimes think it would be absolutely impossible for two persons to view the same scene and bring away the memory of precisely the same features. Mrs. L. looks at everything through what I should call pessimistic eyes. If there are shadows, she always sees them, and sometimes, if unusually low in her spirits, she thinks they are there when they are not. Some one else, who looks always at the brighter side of life, will view the same thing and discern only what is lighted up with the sunshine of hope and pleasure, or sympathy, as the case may be. They will tell their stories in a very different way, so different that their hearers will receive ideas regarding the same thing as diverse as the winds of the air. And yet both mean to be truthful."

"I do not suppose, do you, that these men who travel from place to place, talking to great gatherings of people of the necessity of electing certain persons to office—campaigning they call it—are all liars; but to hear them, one would not suppose there was a single atom of truth to be found upon the opponent's side. Let a Protectionist talk, and the array of facts that he brings to prove the soundness of his position is absolutely overwhelming. A Free Trader takes the stand and presto! change! there is an equally long array upon that side which contradict the first. Anybody who would listen to them without preconceived opinions upon the subject, who was neither Republican nor Democrat, would find himself floating upon a sea of uncertainty. Of course there are political speakers who have no manner of regard for the truth; but I refer to those who really mean to be honest, who speak from conviction. So much depends upon the color of the lens one looks through."

"And there are so many kinds of lenses."

"Yes, and so many ways of adjusting them, determined by character and surroundings. Circumstances have a great deal to do with truth-telling.

"When the individual's personal interests are not affected by the subject under discussion, his pocket, his position, his friendships, his comfort, he is apt to see much clearer and report more accurately. And that is true with the best of us. Selfishness plays so large a part in human life, that it is hard to escape from its coloring."

"Then you do not believe that there is such a thing as speaking the exact truth?"

"I believe this—that truth is eternal and is not affected by the kaleidoscopic changes in this world of ours; I believe that each one of us should strive to keep close to what our better self tells us is true, even in the most trifling affairs of life. Then it does not matter so far as we are individually concerned, that is, so far as our moral responsibility is regarded, whether we have seen things in the red light or the blue light of the lens. When we have done all that we can to be true; when we have not allowed anger, prejudice, or self-love to have sway, it must rest there. Transitory things are illusive. Mental vision is easily distorted. No. I do not believe there is such a thing as exact truth, in the sense it is usually spoken of. A person may be exactly truthful, however; true to his perceptions and convictions, and yet be false as to facts. It all only goes to show that one should hesitate before calling anyone, even in his own heart, a liar."

DID it ever occur to you that one of the very strongest elements of power that a woman, —or man either—for that matter, can have in her hands is a knowledge of the pet hobby of the people she meets in society? It is an instrument that, used skilfully, can bring almost anything to pass. And almost everybody has one, if you only have the tact to find it out. I remember reading a story—the name and its author have both escaped me—of a sweet little woman who went to a strange city to begin life among strangers. She had little money and no assured place in society anywhere, but was refined and intelligent. It was a conservative place, in which ancestors played a conspicuous part, some of the leading people having happened to be born in families that could go back several generations without striking pauperism or disgrace. It was said to be a very difficult thing to conquer a social position there, and the heroine resolved to content herself with living unnoticed and obscurely. One evening, however, she accidently met a gentleman who had a hobby, which she discovered. It happened to be something in which she was interested, and she led him on to talk of it, listening with that air of attention that is always of itself a subtle flattery. He left her delighted, and a few days after she received a call from his wife and daughter, whose high social position at once opened the doors for her to partake of the best advantages that the place had to offer.

In these times, as I said before, almost everybody rides some sort of a hobby, women as well as men. The old sewing society days, when only domestic affairs and the latest gossip were discussed, have passed away, and nine out of every ten persons one meets has some interest outside of everyday life, which is their mental meat and drink. Strike that, and you have the keynote to their good will and good words.

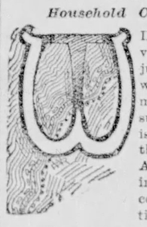
This interest in other people's hobbies requires a forgetfulness of one's own for the time being. And sometimes hobby riders are terribly wearing on the spirits, and it is necessary to invoke patience to shake hands with endurance. It is good discipline, however; and discipline, I take it, is what most of us need to hold us level, even if there were nothing else to be gained or lost.

It is easy to understand why the person who has the tact to detect a hobby and lead to its discussion by inquiry, wins the way to the rider's good will. Everybody likes to have a sympathetic appreciation, and interest in what is a ruling idea betokens that on the part of the inquirer.

Setting aside then the higher motive, that of making others comfortable and happy, he or she who would win social success through personality, unaided by the accidents of wealth and inherited position, must learn to leave their own hobbies shut securely away with the closet skeleton, and be ready to ride those of others, no matter how unmanageable and undesirable their steeds may appear.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Conveniences.



WINDOW seats are very much the rage just now, and any window that can be made available for such a resting place is fitted up with all the comfort possible. A window at a turn in a stair case, or one commanding a beautiful view is especially adapted for this purpose. The old-fashioned wide window sills are being revived, and happy is the housewife who has even one of these, for it only needs the addition of a rug, covering the seat itself and another rug to lay on the floor in front of it.

A carpenter can make a bench for a window, that need not cost more than $1.50 or $1.75, while goat skin rugs can be bought for $2.00 apiece. These are preferred by many, but any soft rug or cushion could be used.

The window should be furnished with sash curtains of muslin, and if long drapery curtains of lace, or some heavier material, for winter, are added, it will make a delightfully attractive addition to your room. A shelf ten or twelve inches wide, fastened across the top of a window, from which to drape the curtains, will give the effect of a bay window. And with these curtains dropped in front, you have a most charming and retired nook in which to enjoy a new book or write to your dearest friend without danger of interruption.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PRETTY SCREENS.—The frame may be bought at some fancy store of any size, or it may be made by a carpenter and then painted at home. Then get some pretty pattern of macrame lace and crochet a square of it large enough to put into the frame. Line it with a bright-colored silk. Of course this contemplates but one leaf and a small-sized screen.

In *Vouga's Art Folio* is described a screen made of knotted rope. Get unbleached hempen rope of small size and slack-twisted. A net work is made just as the heading to a fringe is, just large enough to fit into a frame and then it is lined with china silk, shirred upon brass rods at the top and bottom. The bottom of the net work is finished with fluffy tassels of the rope.

MRS. S. C.:—No more of the present edition of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be printed when these are gone, and another number is not contemplated. They are now selling for 15 cents apiece.

It is to be hoped that the HOUSEHOLD will be interested in sending a description of every pretty new thing they learn how to make for the benefit of all. —ED.

FANCY TABLE.—Procure of your grocer, who will be glad to give away an ordinary sugar barrel lid, also a candy-bucket lid. Secure the parts of the barrel lid to a piece of inch lumber with small nails, making it firm. Use this for top of table, and the bucket lid for shelf half way between top of table and floor. Cover both with a layer of canton flannel or other smooth goods, for foundation, fasten about edge or on under side with smallest size tacks. Over this put a second layer of gold and blue denim. For legs use three broom-sticks. Care must be used in sawing them at ends or your table will be "crazy." Wrap legs with small-size grass rope, taking care when buying to get smooth, white rope. Get a larger size, at three-fourths of an inch for fringe, cut into pieces fourteen inches long, unwind, fringe out, holding the middle of piece in your hand while working; now tack this on to edge, allowing loop to come just above upper side of table top. So continue until the fringe is formed, arrange heading for your fringe of the small rope, and your table is complete. An ornamental easel to hold an unframed picture was also made of three broom-sticks. A small hole was bored through them at the upper end, an iron bolt put through them all, to hold them together; then the center one bent back and two sides ones forward. The same sized bit was used in making holes for pegs to set pictures on. The legs were wrapped with rope, using it as cord and tassels at top of easel. A scarf draped over top is an effective finish.—LENA L.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

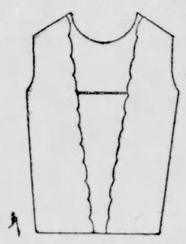
RICE-STITCH.—This fancy stitch in crochet is easily learned, and is pretty for shawls, clouds, etc. Make a chain of any length you wish. Wind your thread five times around the needle—put the needle through the second loop of the foundation chain—pass the needle under the thread, draw the thread through the loop, and then draw the thread through all the loops upon the needle. This makes a group of threads like grains of rice. Make a chain stitch before proceeding to make the next group. In the next row the groups are to be placed in the chain stitch of the preceding row.

Another pattern: Make a foundation chain. Wind the thread around the needle, put the needle through the 2d loop of the chain, pass the needle under the thread, draw it through the loop of the chain only; repeat this movement twice more through the same loop. There will now be 7 threads or loops on the needle; pass the needle under the thread, draw it through 6 of the 7 loops, pass the needle under the thread, draw it through the 2 loops left on the needle. This makes a group. Make a chain stitch before making another group; and in the next row put the groups in the chain stitches of the preceding row.

Correspondence.

MUCH FROM L TTLE.—Perhaps it may interest some who have little girls to clothe, to know how I dress little "Blue Eyes." I seldom have to purchase new goods for her dresses, and by using taste and a little extra work, and dying over goods into pretty colors, she is always a prettily and stylishly dressed child.

Her long baby cloak was white cashmere, elaborately embroidered in white silk. It was made a very full mother-hubbard and had a shirred shoulder cape of the embroidery. Her second winter it was not soiled, so it was shortened to just clear the ground. The third winter it was carefully ripped up, washed and dyed a delicate blue, with diamond dyes. The piece that was cut off when it was shortened was dyed at the same time. After being carefully pressed (upon the wong side where the embroidery was) it was made into a dress. The skirt was plain and full, and made from the bottom of the cloak. The waist was made as the following cut shows. Back and front alike, except that the space in front between the embroidery was filled in with a shirred strip of the goods. The sleeves were cut coat style with embroidery for the cuff. The sleeve was like the following cut.



No embroidery was used upon the under side of the sleeve, as there was not enough. The neck and wrists were finished with dainty lace ruches. The skirt was sewed directly upon the bottom of the waist. A sash of blue ribbon was tied around the waist, and a jaunty little bow of the same was placed upon the left shoulder.

The next winter it was not soiled, (it was only used upon extra occasions), but the sleeves and skirt were too short. I had carefully laid by all the pieces which remained after making the dress and they now come into use. The dress was made long enough by adding a wide belt. The sleeves were ripped out, cut off across the top, the lining pieced up to the right length and a puff of the cashmere added.

The fifth winter the dress was worn out in the waist, badly faded and soiled. However, parts of the embroidery of the skirt were yet good, and when I was doing some dying with diamond black dye I put in the embroidery, knowing it would be of some use.

After working over an old black cashmere dress into a wrapper, there were lots of goods left, so I made a plain, full skirt for "Blue Eyes" from the goods and made a waist of the black embroidery, like the cut, only the vest front and back went up as far as the line in the cut, and the sleeves were only little short puffs. I then bought some white surah silk and made waist and sleeves to wear under it; also a long broad sash of the same silk. Now, I am sorry to say, there isn't a scrap of that cloak left, or I suppose I would make a pin-cushion or something out of it.

In the same way I remade and dyed a white flannel dress heavily embroidered in crimson silk. It was made her second winter, and not being soiled the next fall, it was treated to a belt and puffs in the sleeves, and the next winter it was ripped up, together with one of her long, white flannel baby-skirts, and both were dyed a lovely crimson with crimson diamond dye. Only one package was used, so it was a light shade of crimson, while the embroidery was a darker shade. In this case, the embroidery was used for a yoke, sleeves and across the front breadth of the skirt. The embroidered edge of the petticoat was cut off before it was dyed, and this edge (which was narrow) and another of her long white flannel petticoats were dyed a delicate rose shade with diamond cosine dye, and were made into a dress a year later.

I always wear lisle thread hose, and by practice can make over the legs of my worn out ones into nice hose for her. I open all the seams and run them down flat, so they will not rub the tender little feet. Keep trying until you get one to fit perfectly, then rip it up and cut a pattern. As the child grows, cut the pattern a seam larger.

Cute little caps can be made from scraps of all over embroidery, lace, etc. I have found, from experience, that very little has to be bought, (often the first outfit) for the child, until it is six years old, except shoes, hats and some of the underwear. "Let nothing be lost," is a good motto in any house, whether rich or poor. If the former, let garments that are good enough to be made over be given to the poor, not thrown away or burned. I once knew a conductor's wife who had no children, and who used to cut up and burn his laid aside clothes. It was a positive sin, according to my way of thinking, for his clothes were never worn out, only soiled, and many a man would have been glad to wear them.—JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

I am taking the dear old BLADE again, after two years trying to do without it, and I find the "HOUSEHOLD" as charming as ever. I heartily endorse every word said by Mrs. Regina Mock Rupp in defense of mothers. I say with her, "God bless them and the babies too," and give them room to enjoy themselves, even if it should "crowd out" several "old maids." —M. SUE COMMACK.

ELINOR H.:—If you will tell me a little more about those skirts, I will help you all I can. Do you wish to leave the skirts as they are, or is there material enough, so that they could be made over plainer, and in this way leave a little material toward the waists? Tell me how they are made and whether you wish to combine the two in one dress, or to get a litnew material and make two suits? Let your answer be as explicit and as short as possible, and I will answer as soon as the paper reaches me. Will answer any and all questions upon making or making over dresses, that our editor will publish. —JEAN HUNT.

Yes! I would like to know with, "Only a Farmer's Wife," why one person should be so sarcastic over what another writes. That is what I thought this part of this paper was for. If Jean Hunt thought differently from what my experience was in using diamond dyes, why could she not have given her ideas without being so sarcastic? All there is about it, is that I have given the dyes a fair trial, with no success, as to fast colors or crocking, and wish to warn others.

I would like everyone afflicted with cramp in any part of their body to know that veratum will prevent, and also cure it. A dose on retiring at night will prevent it. If at any time the least twinge of cramp is felt, take a dose of it. If any one wishes to know how I get it I will tell them.—MRS. PARIS.

We shall be glad to have you send the recipe to the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

It is evident from Mrs. Rupp's remarks that the mothers are quite able to defend themselves, but the babies need a champion. Here, they are not spoken of as "judgments" nor even as "lambs," but as human beings, and as such they should be treated.

Taking babies to public meetings means exposing them to crowding, vitiated atmosphere, rapid changes of temperature, and perhaps strong lights, late hours, and contagious diseases. Is there any justice in that?

And is there no day in the week when it is the father's duty to take care of his baby while the mother gets the necessary "change of thought and scene?"—AN IOWA WOMAN.

Thanksgiving time is coming, and very many are preparing to observe it in some way. Family reunions will be in order and also church festivals. Will some one tell us how to decorate a church for a Thanksgiving service, and what would be an appropriate order of exercises? Our neighborhood is made up of people of all denominations, and we wish to have a union meeting on Thanksgiving day with nothing in the decorations or services that can give offense to any one.—FRANCES HOWARD.

Inquiries.

Are the so called women preachers', regularly ordained ministers, and if so, to what denomination do they belong?—QUERY.

Will some one tell me what to do for dyspepsia?

Will some one inform me how to prepare, or make condensed milk such as we buy at the stores?—AUNT OLIVE.

Will some who knows tell me how much it will cost, and how many lessons it will take to become a fair photograph retoucher?—IRMA.

Will "Dame Burden" tell us soon how to cover paper back books, as I am very anxious to know?—EDITH A. HARDING.

Can some one tell me if type-setting is a suitable and a profitable work for women? Also, how should a woman learn it, at a school or in a printing office? —VERONA S. K.

What is meant by the "golden age," or the "Iron age?"—IGNORANT.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. Edna Hawk:—There have been such machines advertised, but we do not know whether they would be of practical use or not.—ED.

Heart-Broken Mother:—While we can but regret that your situation is so unpleasant, we know of no means by which you can obtain relief except by appealing to the protection of the law, which will give you all to which you are entitled. Interest some person who is acquainted with your life, and who is not afraid, to take hold of the matter for you, and you will doubtless be upheld by all right-minded people in your neighborhood.—ED.

Souvenir:—Souvenir spoons are quite popular just now, and you can etch them yourself, if you can draw, in the following way: Heat a sufficient quantity of beeswax until it is melted; dip your spoon into the liquid and a coating of the wax will adhere to the silver. Let it get perfectly cold, then draw your pattern with needles fixed firmly into a penholder. A darning needle will make the heavier lines, and a "No. 9" will do the finest. Now mix 1 ounce of sulphate of copper, ¼ of an ounce of alum and ½ teaspoonful of fine table salt with 1 gill of vinegar and 20 drops of nitric acid. The depth to which the acid will eat into the metal will depend on the length of time the article is left in the solution, and it is better to experiment with old brass or steel before immersing your silver. Any design can be used.—ED.

Alice:—A dainty tea cloth could be made of linen with pond lillies as a border. The flowers should be worked in satin stitch, using white silk for the petals, yellow for the stamens, and dark olive for the leaves. Water lines could be added of sea-green silk.—ED.

Mrs. J. S. Dunstan:—Bead portieres are still used. They are most desirable in small houses or apartments, as they do not define the size of the rooms as decidedly as heavier draperies.—ED.

Emma Alice:—To mend broken china or glass, use 5 cents' worth of acetic acid, thickened with gelatine. Apply to broken edges and press firmly together. —ADDISON.

"A Sufferer From Rheumatism" will find relief by bathing the afflicted parts with kerosene and camphor—1 qt. of kerosene with 20 cents' worth of camphor gum dissolved in it. Bathe freely, and then cover with flannel.—S. WOOD.

DINNER MENU.

Cream Soup,	Toasted Crackers,
Fillet of Veal, stuffed.	
Riced Potatoes,	Fried Tomatoes,
Baptist Pudding,	Foaming Sauce.

Recipes.

BAPTIST PUDDING.—Pour hot, stewed berries of any kind, or apple sauce, sweetened and seasoned to taste, over slices of dry bread. Steam for an hour and serve warm with cream or sauce.—M. L. C.

RICED POTATOES.—Boil and mash your potatoes, season them nicely and then rub them through a colander. Serve immediately. A vegetable sieve or press is much better for this purpose, as it makes the grains of rice smaller, and the potatoes can be prepared in less time.—ADDIE.

FOAMING SAUCE.—½ teacupful of butter; ½ teacupful of sugar. Beat to a froth and set in a pan of hot water; add flavoring to taste, and 1 tablespoonful of hot water and stir in one direction until it comes to a very light foam.—MRS. KING.

RICE CREAM SOUP.—Put 1 qt. milk in a double boiler, add ½ cupful of rice and cook slowly 30 minutes. Cut a small onion in slices and cook in a frying pan with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter until done, but not brown. Add a stalk of celery to the onion and turn the whole into the rice and milk and let stand on the back of the stove for 15 to 20 minutes. Then press the whole through a colander, return to the boiler, season with salt and pepper and serve very hot. If the milk evaporates during the cooking, add sufficient hot milk to make it of the proper consistency.—MRS. R.

THANKSGIVING FRUIT CAKE.—1 cupful of butter; 3 cupfuls of brown sugar; 3 cupfuls of sour milk; 6 cupfuls of flour; 2 eggs; 1 table spoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; 1 nutmeg; 2 cupfuls of raisins and currants mixed; 3 teaspoonfuls of soda; 1 teaspoonful of salt. Add fruit last, and bake in two tins.—MRS. ADA S.

PLAIN MINCE PIE.—1 bowlful of chopped meat, 2 bowlfuls of chopped apple; 1 bowlful of sugar, 1 bowlful of molasses; ½ lb. chopped suet; 1 lb. raisins; 1 tablespoonful each of spices; 1 piece of citron cut in very thin slices; vinegar or sweet cider to make it thin enough to rise. Cook it thoroughly and put away in a cool place in an earthen jar. When used take out what is needed, and let it become hot before putting into the paste.—MRS. ELIZABETH HULL.

ENGLISH FRUIT CAKE.—3 lbs. of raisins; 1½ lbs. currants; ½ lb. citron; 1 lb butter; 1½ lbs. brown sugar; 1 gill of molasses; 1 gill of brandy; 1 teaspoonful of soda; 1 lb. of flour; 8 eggs; 1 tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; 1 nutmeg; ½ teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake two hours, in three loaves. Some cake, made from this recipe over fifteen years ago, was eaten recently in this city, and was as good as when first baked.—MRS. D. A. W.

Recipes and menus for Thanksgiving dinners will be in order now, and we shall be very glad to hear from our friends on this subject. We desire to provide recipes that will suit all tastes and all purses.—ED.

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT

STORY OF AN EXTINCT HOUSEHOLD

James Russell Lowell as a Teacher —Rhoda Broughton as a Novelist — Pathos of Rejected Manuscripts.

I do not know when I have read anything more pathetic than the few pages in the current number of *The Cosmopolitan*, devoted to "The History of An Extinct Household," written by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who was a personal friend of those who composed its members. It was of the Marston family that she speaks, which included the gifted blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, and by marriage, that other rare soul, Arthur O'Shaughnessy. The father, too, was the dramatist, Dr. Westland Marston, and there were two daughters, whose mental and spiritual gifts were far beyond the ordinary. When she first knew them, something less than fifteen years ago, all were well and apparently as likely to live as any one. Now all have passed on into that other, and, as we believe, better and brighter world.

Mrs. Moulton has a poetic charm of expression when she writes anything that lies near her heart, as in this case her subject evidently does. Especially is this visible in describing the life of Philip, the subject of that exquisite poem—"Philip, My King,"—by Mrs. Mulock Craig. He seemed to be one chosen by Fate—If we can believe in such a thing—for the most cruel blows, one after the other. First came the loss of his sight, and then went from him, one by one, those who had twined themselves so closely and lovingly around his heart. His mother, his betrothed, the dear sister Cicely who was eyes for him for long years, his most intimate friends, all laid down their physical lives and left him alone but for his father, and sorely bereft.

Mrs. Moulton tells us of the spiritualistic communication that came to Cicely, purporting to be from her mother, in which she was told: "You will go first, Cissy, then Nelly, and then Philip, and last of all your father." And it was exactly in this order that they did go. "Though I put slight faith in the prophecy at the time," writes Mrs. Moulton, "it was literally fulfilled."

One finishes the article with the feeling that only the evolutionary theory, including the thought of Karmic justice, can explain the problem of the life of Philip Bourke Marston.

EVERYTHING which has been written of James Russell Lowell since his passing to the other side has shown how firmly he was seated in the admiration and affection of the American people. While he was yet living it was not so apparent—indeed, during the last few years little was heard of him except incidentally, but that is not unusual. Since his going, however, affectionate tributes to his talents and virtues have been numerous, and they continue to multiply.

In the current *Scribner's* is one describing him as a teacher, and queer and quaint enough were his ways in that position. "His method of teaching," writes the author of the article, "was all his own. The class was small—not above ten or a dozen—and he generally began by making each student translate a few lines, interrupting now and then with suggestions of the poetic value of passages which were being rendered in a style unspeakingly prosaic. Now and again some word or some passage would suggest to him a line of thought, sometimes very earnest, sometimes paradoxically comical, that would never have been suggested to any one else. And he would lean back in his chair, and talk away across country till he felt like stopping; or he would thrust his hands into the pockets of his rather shabby sack-coat and pace the end of the room with his heavy laced boots, and look at nothing in particular, and discourse of things in general. We gave up note-books in a week. Our business was not to cram lifeless detail but to absorb as much as we might of the spirit of exuberant vitality. And through it all he was always a quiz. You never knew what he was going to do or say next."

The author, who, by the way, does not give his name, brings out several other of Mr. Lowell's characteristics and gives glimpses of him under different circumstances from any in which he has been before presented, which adds to the interest of his article.

RHODA BROUGHTON has, perhaps, been abused more persistently than almost any other novel writer we know. The English press began upon the appearance of her first two books, "Not Wisely, but Too Well," and "Cometh Up as a Flower," pouring out a torrent of invective "which proved to be but the commencement of what can only be termed a systematic journalistic persecution, lasting over twenty years." It was strange that such should have been the case, for although these novels were a revolt against the established order of things, it was so fresh and unconventional, so earnest, and so strong that it would seem as if professional critics would have hailed them with pleasure. *Current Literature* closes a short sketch of her work with the following: In 1880, Miss Broughton moved with her sister to Oxford. Here she has lived for the past ten years, finding time to gather around her a pleasant circle of cultivated people and to produce "Belinda," "Dr. Cupid," and "Alas!" the two latter being two of her very best books. Recently she and her sister moved to Richmond, and settled into a charming old house, eloquent of the Georgean age. And now we, who love her books, look to see many another story as delightful as "Nancy," as humorous as "Second Thoughts," as charming as "Alas."

AN article in the London *Globe* discusses what the writer calls the pathos of rejected manuscripts. I was particularly struck by the first remark—that it was strange and almost sad to see how many little lyrics are scattered through old periodicals that are evidently the result of much thought, and yet are now utterly and entirely forgotten. I think it is more than "almost sad" when one thinks how they have gone forth freighted with so many hopes and fond expectations which were doomed to utter failure. And yet these lack the pathos of the rejected manuscripts that never see the light of the printed page. The writers cannot understand why their wares find no market. They cannot see that they have not reached the heights or sounded the depths which others have done, and yet whose work is refused. Each year the hopes of hundreds are ground into the dust. Each year there is the unstretching of hands to the laurel that waves just beyond them to their sight, but which withers and dies away ere they can touch it, and then they go back to prosaic work that has yet within it possibilities of bread and butter. So the world goes, and so it will continue to go to the end, and men and women will hope and strive for literary recognition and find it not.

She Was Angry.

"What have you in that package?" asked Mrs. Wantergo of her husband.

"Nothing that you would be interested in, my dear," replied Mr. Wanterno.

"I think you might tell me what it is."

"Well, if you must know, it is a ribbon for my typewriter."

"A ribbon for your typewaite? And it 's nothing that I would be interested in?" exclaimed Mrs. Wanterno.

"What's the matter now?" asked her husband, who inferred from his wife's manner that she was thoroughly angry.

"You can unblushingly acknowledge to me that you have bought a ribbon for your typewriter, and at the same time tell me it is nothing that I would be interested in!"

And she slammed the door behind her as she went home to her mama's to relate the most recent instance of man's perfidy.—[Puck.

FOR NERVOUSNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. C. HANSCOME, Minneapolis, Minn., says; "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence; the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ODESSA, MINN.
Hester McQuillian.
WEST LIBERTY.
Ora Nichols.
NORTH CREEK, O.
Mabel Sullinger, Elsie Sullinger.

Names this week, 4. Total, 31,450.
The above embraces all names received up to November 2.

TEMPERANCE ADDITION.

An Exercise for Ten Little Boys.

This, if well remembered, is very taking. It commences by one boy reciting the first verse. As he takes up the last word he is joined by another little boy, who walks very quickly to join him. Together they recite the second verse, and are quickly joined by another boy; the three take up the third verse. In this way the number of boys increases at each verse till at last they number ten. They should be careful to speak in unison, and at the last two verses take hold of hands, forming a semi-circle:

One little temperance boy, to his work so true,
Pledged another little boy; then there were two.

Two little temperance boys, from bad habits free,
Got another boy to join them; then there were three.

Three little temperance boys, never drank nor swore,
Taught a boy he must not smoke; then there were four.

Four little temperance boys, to their work alive,
Helped another boy be good; then there were five.

Five little temperance boys, eyes so very bright,
Soon started Number Six on the road to light.

Six little temperance boys, looking up to heaven,
Cheered a playmate on the way; then there were seven.

Seven little temperance boys, all rum they hate,
Told a fellow of the wrong; then there were eight.

Eight little temperance boys, touch not, taste not wine,
Asked a schoolmate not to drink; then there were nine.

Nine little temperance boys learned the truth, and then
Told it to another boy; so there were ten.

Ten little temperance boys, working hand in hand
To drive strong drink away from our native land,

Ask you all to help them. Work with all your might;
Never fear nor falter; God is with the right.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

DURING the early spring, when the crocuses had just pushed their golden heads above the cold, damp earth, one day, I looked out of my window and saw that a very neatly dressed little carpenter was preparing to build a cosy cottage. His clothes were not at all soiled and he did not seem negligent about them as a great many workmen unfortunately are. He wore a pretty suit of a color in which blue and gray were blended, around his throat was tied a dark cravat, on his head sat the jauntiest little cap you ever saw, while from the pocket of his coat peeped the whitest and dantiest of handkerchiefs.

He seemed to understand his business so well that I thought he must be a carpenter by trade. But when I saw how steadily he worked in all kinds of weather, and how cheerily he sung, I concluded that his wedding day was set and that it was his own little home he was building.

My little neighbor and I grew to be great friends and every time I threw open my window I would nod to him and he would nod back, and sometimes we would exchange a few words as he went on with his work.

I had been noticing for several days that my little builder's task was almost done, when one evening he shook his head very saucily as he went away, as if to say, "You can't imagine where I'm off to now."

I was greatly surprised the next morning to see my little friend stepping about in his yard as usual. I was on the point of shutting my window without speaking for the first time since we had become acquainted. I was angry with my neighbor, for he had destroyed my plans for his happiness and spoiled a pretty romance.

But just as these ugly thoughts came into my mind, sure enough, a lovely little bride stepped out of the door and the frowns on my brow faded away as they kissed one another good morning. Like the sensible fellow that he was my neighbor had given his bride a pretty cottage instead of a bridal trip, and had brought her directly home.

He looked up to my window and bowed with such a pleased smile that I understood him at once to mean, "Isn't she pretty?" So I bowed and smiled back, threw them a kiss, and shut my window that they might have their caresses all to themselves.

I thought that my little lady probably did not know much about housekeeping as yet, and the pantry is something that the most provident of men does not know how to fill, so I sent them over what I fancied they would like for dinner.

I was more than repaid by watching the happiness that dwelt in that home as the days went by. It is true that it was only a humble cot age and that my neighbors lived with the utmost simplicity, but small as their cottage was it was large enough to hold the "greatest thing in the world."

After awhile I heard little voices in the cottage over the way, and then the proud parents seemed happier than ever, if that were possible. Every morning the father went away to provide for their wants, coming back only late in the afternoon. All day the good mother tended her little ones at home, except now and then when compelled to go on an errand. And when she was obliged to be away she would look in at my window as if to ask me to have an eye on her tots during her absence.

At one time I went away on a visit, and while I was gone I was often very uneasy about my good neighbors. I had so often seen distress and misfortune shut all the light out of happy homes that I could not help fearing now and then that the friends I had left behind might not be exempt from the common lot.

However, I was delighted upon my return to find that the sun was shining as brightly as ever on the lattice of their ivy covered cottage, and that all went as merrily as ever both indoors and out.

One afternoon, a few days after my return, I was suddenly aroused from my usual siesta by the shrillest cries of agony that I had ever heard from the pained heart and aching throat of a living creature. I rusned to the window, and lo! the cosy little house had been destroyed to its very foundations, the three little ones lay upon the grass in the last painless twitchings of death, one of the destroyers of this home had choked the mother until she could cry no more, and the other was striking with a stick at the father, who was trying to avenge the destruction of his home and the death of his family.

Before I could rush to his assistance a well-aimed blow had crushed out his life too.

Ah, little friend, it was better that you should yield up your spirit thus, on the ruins of your home! Thenceforth it would have been but a mockery of your brief happiness.

The ruthless—perhaps thoughtless—perpetrators of the crime ran away at my coming, and I could only sit down alone and look through my tears at the dead bodies of the little friends that I had loved so dearly and should miss so sorely!

I gave them a quiet and decent burial and left them to their innocent sleep under the daisies.

* * *

I wonder if the readers of this simple story have guessed that my happy little neighbors were birds, and that their destroyers were two of those misguided, if not cruel boys, that think it great fun to rob birds' nests!—[Philadelphia Times.

A BIT OF DOG EXPERIENCE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Yes, I'll give you $10 for him if you'll break him of that trick."

"If I could, I wouldn't want to sell him," said Jack. "He's the best watch dog in the country."

"That's what I want him for."

"It's the only trick he's got," said Jack, patting the head of the dog, which looked up with eyes human in expression, wagging his tail at the caress; then hung his head in shame as Jack went on. "Ah, you scamp, how dare you chase the cattle! But you," he said to Mr. Hardy, "have so little stock, I thought you could get along with him."

"Little or many, you don't want a dog tearing after 'em."

"No, you don't," said Jack, much depressed. "I've tried every way to cure him. I whip him, and tie him up. See; he breaks away," pointing to a fragment of chain which hung to Carlo's collar.

"But you can't keep a dog tied all the time. And when you whip him, he doesn't know what it's for."

"That's so," said Jack. "It's too bad!" and Hardy walked across the field in the direction of his own farm, while Jack wandered towards the house, turning over in his mind many projects possible or impossible for the breaking of his favorite dog of the most objectionable practice of running after the fine live stock upon his father's farm. It was in the pure frolicsomeness of immature dogdom that Carlo would make a sudden rush upon some fine animal and, with loud barks and growls, chase it madly through the meadow and the adjoining strip of woods, very often driving it to the verge of frenzy by seizing and holding on to its tail.

It was early in one of the long summer evenings, and as Jack walked up the driveway he perceived that most of the family were seated on a side porch.

"Mr. Hardy doesn't want Carlo," he said, addressing the company in general, "unless he can be broken of running after cattle."

"Well, I'm afraid," said Jack's father, "that the only cure for that will be a dose of cold steel."

"Where is he now?" asked Hiram, Jack's brother.

"He was with me a few moment's ago," said Jack, looking around. "I don't know where he is. I meant to bring him up and tie him."

"Hark!" said his father.

A succession of sharp barks followed by the bellows of a worried animal smote upon the quiet air.

"That's him now!" exclaimed Jack, springing to his feet in dismay.

"After one of those young steers," said his brother.

Over the meadow the sound came clearly. Jack struck out on a lively run, his brother following, while his father, with an expression of great irritation in his face, brought up a slower rear.

"Get out, there! Quit, you rascal—or—I'll—blow your brains—out!" cried Jack, as he panted on, striving to get near the scene of the trouble, although it had never as yet been any use to call Carlo when he was once in pursuit of his favorite amusement.

Arriving at the edge of the woods, Jack stopped a minute to get his direction clear, and at once perceived a variation upon the sounds usually attending Carlo's diversion. The occasional bellow, choked and gasping through violent exercise, was easily heard, but mingled with it was the voice of the dog, not in short barks of triumph, amusement or mischief, but in loud yelps and howls, plainly expressive of pain, fright and dismay.

They were approaching. Jack ran to where he could secure a view, and then stood in open-mouthed wonder.

Was it boy hunting bear or bear hunting boy?

There came the steer, wild eyed, and panting in efforts to escape from the enemy. After it came Carlo, but not this time in malicious pursuit, with the tail of the poor beast between his teeth.

The tough rawhide had become firmly entangled in the mass of burdock matted in the hair at the end of the steer's tail, and Carlo was being dragged helpless. Over logs, against trees, through bushes, the steer still, in its fright, believing itself pursued.

"Hullo! Stop!" shrieked Jack, trying with both arms extended, to stop the steer. But it turned aside, Carlo giving a yelp of added agony as he was jerked between some close growing saplings. "Stop him!" shrieked Jack to Hiram. "Head him off! He's yanking Carlo round on his tail, and thrashing the woods with him. He'll be killed!"

By the efforts of both boys and their father, the steer was headed towards a corner of the woods, where it was hoped he might be stopped. But with one bound he cleared a brush fence, Jack's eyes at the moment dimming with tears as he saw Carlo dragged over it.

"Into the lane, Hi!" he contrived to gasp. Others were now joining in the chase, and the steer was finally stopped in a narrow lane.

Poor Carlo had by this time almost given up running. Tears flowed from Jack's eyes as he beat over his pet.

"All bruised and scratched. Oh, Carl, why wouldn't you learn sense! There's fish enough of him left to—lick my hand."

"Come, come," said his father, as the boy's voice broke into something like

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Specific Instructions to Minister Egan as to His Procedure with the Chilean Junta.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 28.—The following is a copy of the telegram which by the President's order was sent to Chile on the 23d inst.:

Department of State, Washington, October 23, 1891.

To Egan, American Minister, Santiago, Chili:

Immediately upon receipt of information of the assaults made on the 16th instant in the streets of Valparaiso upon a number of American sailors belonging to the United States man-of-war Baltimore, now in that harbor, the commander of that vessel, Capt. W. S. Schley, was directed to cause an immediate and thorough inquiry to be made into the origin and incidents of that tragic affair and communicate the results simultaneously to this department and to you. His report under date of yesterday has just been transmitted to this department by the secretary of the Navy, who advises me that a copy of the report was forwarded by Capt. Schley to you.

You will observe that the board of officers selected by Capt. Schley to investigate this affair report that our sailors were unarmed and gave no provocation; that the assault upon them were by armed men, greatly superior in number and must conclude animated in their bloody work by hostility to these men as sailors of the United States. You will also notice that the character of some of the wounds indicate that the mobile police, or some of them, took part in the attack, and will also observe that other American sailors were without any apparent fault arrested and for some time held by the authorities. The friendly efforts of a few of the public officers to give succor to our men furnishes the only redeeming incident of this affair. This cruel work, so injurious to the United States, took place on the 16th instant, and yet no expression of regret or of a purpose to make a searching inquiry with a view to the institution of proper proceedings for the punishment of the guilty parties has been, so far as I am advised, offered to this government.

You will at once bring to the attention of the government of Chile the facts as reported to you by Capt. Schley, and will inquire whether there are any qualifying facts in the possession of that government or may explanation to be offered of an event that has very deeply pained the people of the United States, not only by reason of the resulting death of one of our sailors, and the painful wounding of others, but even more as an apparent expression of unfriendliness to this government, which might put in peril the maintenance of amicable relations between the two countries. If the facts are as reported by Capt. Schley this government cannot doubt that the government of Chile will offer prompt and full reparation. You will furnish the foreign office a full paraphrase of this dispatch and report promptly to this government.

(Signed) WHARTON.

PROTECTS HER FLAG.

They Assume to Criticise Our Government for Its Attitude Toward Chili—A Case Somewhat Parallel.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—In view of certain criticisms of leading English newspapers, based upon an erroneous statement, indicating that the government of the United States had made a hasty and peremptory demand on the Chilean government in the case of the Baltimore's sailors at Valparaiso, it might be pertinent to relate that on December 5, 1863, the British minister at Rio Janeiro sent an ultimatum to the Brazilian government, demanding the payment of £6,525 on account of the claim of the British bark Prince of Wales, and also a prompt satisfaction for the arrest of three officers of the British naval frigate Forte, who, in June, 1862, were taken into custody by the police guard of one of the towns of Brazil (they being in citizens' dress) for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The minister declared that should the government of Brazil fail to comply with the demands, he would order the admiral commanding the British naval forces at Rio Janeiro to decide the questions according to the instructions from the British government.

The Brazilian minister of foreign affairs replied on the 29th of December, protesting against the payment, and declared that no satisfaction could be given in the case of the three officers, as no insult was offered to them. On the 31st of December the British minister sent a letter to the British consulate stating that the demands of the British legation having met with no satisfaction from the Brazilian government, he had ordered Admiral Warren to make reprisals upon Brazilian property until the proper satisfaction was obtained.

On the same day three British war ships left the harbor of Rio, and on the 4th of January one of the British war vessels returned to the port of Rio and the fact was made known that five Brazilian sailing vessels and one steamer under the Brazilian flag had been captured and taken charge of by the British man-of-war and were held in a Brazilian harbor on the coast of Rio. On the 5th of January a council of state was held in the city palace, the emperor presiding, at which it was decided that the question of the arrest of the officers of the naval frigate Forte could be submitted to the arbitration of a friendly power, and the king of the Belgians was proposed to determine whether any insult was committed against the British government by the arrest of said officers. The council further decided that the demand of the British government for damages in the claim of the bark Prince of Wales should be paid by the Brazilian minister in London under protest, the Brazilian government having no means of resisting the demands of the British government. The king of the Belgians decided that no insult had been offered the British government or to the officers who had been arrested, but as a result of the incident diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Brazil were broken off and not renewed until two years had elapsed.

EVASIVE REPLY FROM CHILE.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs Juggles with the Issue.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Secretaries Blaine and Tracy conferred with the President yesterday in regard to a cipher cablegram received from Minister Egan. The conference lasted for some time.

Secretary Blaine appeared to be in good spirits when he came out of the White House and stepped into his carriage to go home. He had nothing to say about Mr. Egan's message, but intimated when the proper time had elapsed the public would be informed of the facts. Soon after 6 o'clock an official statement of the contents of Minister Egan's dispatch was made public. It read as follows:

"The department of State received this morning a telegram from Minister Egan, dated Santiago, October 28, in which he gives the following as the reply of the Chilean government to the President's telegram of October 23, asking reparation for the recent murder of American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso: 'Minister of foreign affairs replies that the government of the United States formulates demands and advances threats that, without being cast back with acrimony, are not acceptable, nor could they be accepted in the present case or in any other of a like nature. He does not doubt the sincerity, rectitude or expertness of investigation on board the Baltimore, but will recognize only the jurisdiction and authority of his own country to judge and punish the guilty in Chilean territory. He says the administrative and judicial authorities have been investigating the affair; that judicial investigation under Chilean law is secret, and the time is not yet arrived to make known the result; when that time does arrive will communicate result, although he does not recognize any other authority competent to judge criminal cases than that established by the Chilean people. Until the time arrives to disclose the result of the investigation he cannot admit that the disorders in Valparaiso or the silence of his department should appear as an expression of unfriendliness toward the government of the United States, which might put in peril the friendly relations between the two countries."

An Invest gation Commenced.

SANTIAGO, Chile, Oct. 30.—Investigation instituted immediately and continues with all diligence and is not yet finished. The trouble began in Cleave street, and it became a tumult at 7 p. m. Regular soldiers, police and the special guard of the Intendente restored order. Of the combatants thirty Americans and eleven Chileans were committed before the judicial authorities. They fought with knives, stones and everything they could lay their hands upon. There was one killed and several wounded. It is estimated that there were 160 American sailors from the Baltimore on shore at the time of the tumult.

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the great external remedy of the day. The quickest, safest, surest, best. Not only immeasurably superior to all other plasters, but also to liniments, ointments, oils and similar unctuous compounds.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

GETTING OUR NAVY READY.

The Brooklyn Navy Yard the Scene of Great Activity.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The Chilean trouble shows its effect at the Brooklyn navy yard in the renewed activity that is being displayed in fitting out all the vessels now there. The number of men engaged upon the monitor Miantonamoh has been increased and from conversation with her officers yesterday it was learned that she could be got ready for sea within ten days, if occasion should require it. She is classed by all officers as the most formidable ship in the navy, and if necessary she could be in Chilean waters within two months.

It was learned that three ships, the Philadelphia, the Concord, and the Kearsage, were being

Prepared to Leave on Tuesday

for the West Indies. A ship going from New York to Chile generally makes her first stop at St. Thomas, so it is possible that there may be some connection between the rumored orders from Washington and these three ships. For several weeks the Kearsarge has been expected to sail on next Tuesday, but the Philadelphia, Admiral Gherardi's flagship, had not been expected to leave the navy yard until about two weeks later. Yesterday Admiral Gherardi made the announcement that he would sail on Tuesday. Orders were given to have the Concord ready to sail on the same date.

The Philadelphia is regarded as about the finest ship now in the navy yard. She is a sister ship of the Baltimore, now at Chile. The Concord is a smaller vessel, and bears a close resemblance to the Yorktown, already on her way to Chile.

THE ATTACK ON THE SAILORS

More Cowardly and Unprovoked than at First Reported.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—A special from Valparaiso to the *World* gives the following account of the attack on our sailors:

Captain Schley's men had been on board the Baltimore several months without liberty. When he arrived at Valparaiso he received the usual visit of courtesy and an assurance of assistance. Other foreign ships were daily giving their men liberty. Therefore Captain Schley sent 170 ashore. Of those only four returned drunk; four overstayed their liberty, thirty-six were imprisoned, seventeen were wounded,

One Was Killed Outright

and one subsequently died.

Men received from five to 22 wounds, mostly knife and bayonet cuts in the back, which would characterize the assault as unprovoked, brutal and dastardly. No mitigating circumstances has yet come to the *World* correspondent's knowledge. It is probable that if there were any they would be published.

Capt. Schley ordered a court on board the Baltimore to take testimony. The result is said to be remarkable for clearness and connectedness. Two sailors in the street were insulted by Chileans.

Spitting in Their Faces.

A crowd near by was waiting to attack them should they resent the insult. The Baltimore's men wisely took refuge on a tram car. The crowd stopped the car and hauled the men out, beating them with sticks and stones and knifing them.

One man fell with 22 stabs and while a companion was assisting him to a chemist's, a policeman shot him through the neck. He died instantly. A second shot passed between the flesh and the shirt of the other man. An officer with a white cap, presumably a gentleman, drew his sword and

Slashed Both the Living and the Dead.

The attack then became general. Sailors quietly eating in small restaurants about town were brutally beaten and stabbed. Mounted police arrived, but instead of succoring the sailors they began sabring them. One man was tied, with nippers about the wrists, to a horse, which was started at full gallop, dragging the man through the streets. Afterwards a horse was walked to another man, who was hauled to the station with

A Lasso About His Neck.

There were plenty of witnesses on shore to the shooting, but they were afraid to testify. One wrote an anonymous letter to Captain Schley and afterwards visited the ship, but he says he would lose his life if he were known. A woman saw the deed from a neighboring window.

The Baltimore's men were completely unarmed. Those arrested were searched at the station. Only six ordinary pocket knives were found. The Chilean investigation was secret. The men's cause was unrepresented.

Although Capt. Schley urged that an officer be present, his request was denied on the claim that such proceedings are always secret.

OUR RELATIONS ARE STRAINED.

The Situation as Regards the Dispute Has Not Improved.

SANTIAGO, Chile, Oct. 31.—It is generally admitted here by the supporters of the government and by the Americans and those in sympathy with them, that the situation of affairs as regards the dispute between the United States and Chile has not improved. In fact, the anti-American feeling is growing in bitterness, and all the American officials in Chile are apprehensive that further trouble is brewing. The exact nature of this trouble they are unable to define, but they see little prospect that an amicable settlement of the Valparaiso incident will soon be reached, and the signs of increasing popular

Animosity Towards the United States

give ground for apprehension and indignation.

It is not intended by these statements to create a feeling of alarm or even of anxiety as to the final result of the diplomatic negotiations now in progress, but from all one can see here to-day the relations between the junta and the United States government are dangerously strained.

United States Minister Egan, Capt. W. S. Schley, of the Baltimore, and William B. McCreery, United States consul at Valparaiso, were in close consultation throughout the day, yesterday, and, though it is not possible to obtain any definite statement from them for publication regarding the nature or result of their long deliberations, it can be said that they all consider the reply of the junta to Minister Egan's note asking for proper explanation of the Valparaiso collision as decidedly insulting to the United States government.

It is also known that they regard the situation at present as being serious. The reply of the junta they think means practically that

Chile Is Indignant

at the demands made by the United States government; that she will take her own time to consider the matter, and that when the junta reaches a conclusion that government will settle the matter without reference to the views of the United States on the subject.

The reply of the junta, they further say, fails to express any regret for the murder of the Baltimore's men, nor is there in that document any expression of regret as to the conduct of the police in using their bayonets in arresting the Baltimore's men. Several of the latter, it will be remembered, were more or less severely wounded with bayonet thrusts.

While the United States officials here are justly indignant at the terms in which the reply of the junta is couched, their indignation is nothing to that felt by the American residents in Chile. They do not conceal the fact that they are looking for further and more serious trouble, possibly in the near future, between Chile and the United States.

It is learned that the United States cruiser Baltimore is prepared to enforce, if such a course is found necessary,

Proper Treatment for Her Officers

and sailors who may be compelled, by the necessities of the service, to go ashore. It is not meant by this that Capt. Schley will in any way irritate the Chilians by sending men or officers ashore when it is evident that they are not welcome there. On the contrary everything possible will be done by the Baltimore's commander to avoid any trouble. But for marketing, provisioning, watering, interchange of messages between the commander and the United States minister and other necessary duties, men and officers have to go ashore, and the captain of the United States cruiser does not intend to be prevented from attending to such duties.

But, as the virtual boycott placed upon the Baltimore continues, Capt. Schley, if he finds it necessary, will send armed men ashore, and will take other steps to insure their protection.

It has just become known that there is another feature of the Valparaiso outrage which demands explanation. The municipal and government officers of Valparaiso who made an investigation of the attack upon the sailors of the Baltimore, compelled the United States men-of-war's men, who were confined in the prison, to sign a statement, written in Spanish, exonerating the police from all responsibility as to their arrest. As the papers had to be signed as one of the stipulations for the release of the blue jackets, the men naturally did as they were requested.

Another point which is not serving to allay the ill-feeling existing is the fact that no courtesy of any kind was shown to the United States naval officer or men upon the occasion of the funeral of Turnbull, the second man of the Baltimore's crew who died from the effects of the injuries he received during the riotous attack made upon the blue jackets.

Under these circumstances it is but natural that the feeling of uneasiness is increasing and that further trouble is anticipated.

OLD AGE CONQUERED BY CUPID.

Marriage of a Couple Aged 80 and 76 Years Respectively.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—A most remarkable marriage was celebrated Tuesday morning. The story of the marriage is a somewhat unusual one, inasmuch as the groom is over 80 years of age and the bride at least 76.

The groom, the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, D. D., is one of the best known pioneers of the Presbyterian church. He was born July 14, 1811, in the village of Bala, on the shores of Llyn-Teid, North Wales. His family, suffering from oppression and injustice, came to this country in 1821. They went West, and there made their home.

In the spring of 1836 Dr. Chidlaw was married to Miss Hannah Gwilym, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Gwilym, who emigrated from Wales in 1795. His married life was a happy one. In the summer of 1841 his wife died.

At present Dr. Chidlaw's home is at Cleves, Ohio. The bride, Mrs. Manning, is said to be worth a million. She is an unusually gifted women.

DRAWN TO THE UNITED STATES.

We Need Fear Nothing From England in the Hawaiian Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—When the Hawaiian cable is built and the United States utilizes Pearl Harbor as a coaling and naval station, Hawaii will be as much a port of the United States as India is a port of England, said Dr. Mott Smith, minister of Finance of Hawaiian Kingdom.

Dr. Smith further stated that the islands are drawn to America in every way, and the United States need fear nothing from England's efforts to get a foothold. There is some amicable understanding between the United States and England whereby the latter government does not even maintain a coaling station on the islands. The completion of the cable will be a grand thing for the United States as well as Hawaii.

Working Force to be Doubled.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The chief of construction of the World's Fair has ordered the contractors who are constructing the World's Fair buildings to double the force of men now employed on the buildings. The chief of construction made the order imperative and said that they would have to work two shifts of men eight hours each or make sixteen hours constitute a day's work.

Raisins for the Eastern Market.

FRESNO, Cal., Oct. 30.—About 650 carloads of raisins have so far gone East this season. The shipments are now averaging a train load of twenty cars each per day. The present estimates are that the total shipment for this season will reach 1,000 car loads or about 150 more than last year. A few packing houses will close this week while all will close from two three weeks earlier than last year.

Violated Indian Traditions.

CADDO, I. T., Oct. 30.—Jackson Fletcher, the Choctaw who was to have been shot to-day, made good his escape last Tuesday night while the sheriff was eating supper, and has never been heard from since. Fletcher is the first Indian who ever ran away to escape punishment, it being contrary to their traditions.

Reported Battle on the Frontier.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico, says that there is a rumor in the city that there has been an engagement on the frontier of Guatemala and Salvador, between Salvadoran refugees and Salvadoran troops, and the former were defeated.

Emin Pasha and Dr. Stuhlman crossed the Albert Nyanza on July 24.

German farmers are being forced from their holdings in the neighborhood of Odessa and Kiel, Russia.

ARRESTED FOR LIBEL.

Senator Quay Brings an Action Against the President and Editor of the Pittsburg Post.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 30.—Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay entered suits for criminal libel yesterday afternoon against Albert J. Barr, president of the Pittsburg *Post* publishing company, and James Mills, editor of the *Post*. The suits are the outgrowth of leading editorials Wednesday and yesterday on the Bardsley certificate of deposit, a fac simile of which was also published in the *Post*.

The affiant says the charges are false and malicious, and that he never had any business with Bardsley, either as treasurer of the city of Philadelphia or as an individual. Warrants were issued for Messrs. Barr and Mills, who came from their homes last night and entered bail in the sum of $2,000 each for a hearing this afternoon. Papers in a civil suit have also been prepared and will be filed to-day against the *Post* asking $100,000 damages. Senator Quay's counsel says that suits will be entered against the Beaver *Star*, and probably two papers in Philadelphia. It is their intention, he says, to take action against State Chairman Kerr, of the Democratic committee, for circulating the story.

An Explanation Demanded.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 30.—A *Chronicle Telegraph* Beaver, Pa., special says Senator Quay sent the following telegram to-day:

Hon. E. S. Lacey, Comptroller, Washington, D. C.:

I beg to be informed at your earliest convenience by whose authority or permission a certificate of deposit for $8,877, dated November 29, 1889, endorsed by John Bardsley and by me, which is among the papers of the Keystone National bank, an institution in the custody of the United States, was delivered to the Democratic state committee, to be photographed, lithographed and published throughout the state by the Democratic press, as is now being done.

(Signed.) M. S. QUAY.

He Says He Knows Nothing About the Certificate of Deposit.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Mr. Lacey, comptroller of the currency, sent a telegram to Senator Quay this morning saying that so far as he was able to learn no one connected with the treasury department had authorized the delivery of the certificates of deposit endorsed by Bardsley and himself, now among the papers of the Keystone National bank of Philadelphia to the Democratic state committee or to any one else, and that he did not know how it came into the possession of the committee.

Mr. Lacey declines to make public the text of his telegraph on the grounds that as it is a personal and political matter it would be discourteous to the recipient to do so.

BIG TIN PLATE PLANT.

Contracts Let for the Erection of Another Establishment—A Letter from President Harrison.

ELWOOD, Ind., Nov. 2.—The American Tin Plate company, of Elwood, Ind., incorporated September, 1891, with a capital stock of $300,000, completed the preliminary plan by letting the contracts for the erection of their large brick and iron buildings, and began breaking ground last Saturday. The contract for the engines to drive the mills and cold rolls has been let to William Tod & Co., of Youngstown, O.; the contract for the mills and cold rolls to Robinson Rea, of Pittsburg; the contract for the boiler to the Herling Boiler Works, of Barberton, O., and the contract for trimming set complete to Lloyd, Book & Co., Youngstown, O.

These contracts are to be completed at the latest by the 1st of February next, and the management contemplate that all will be in full swing making tin and terne plates on the 1st of March next. The following are the officers of the company: Colonel A. L. Conger, Akron, O., president; John F. Hazen, Cincinnati, O., vice president; W. B. Leeds, Richmond, Ind., treasurer; Charles S. Tarlton, Indianapolis, Ind., secretary.

The following letter has recently been received from President Harrison:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, October 21, 1891.

Hon. Marcus R. Sulzer, Elwood, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of the 28th and notice what you say about the erection of a tin plate mill at Elwood. I followed the course of this interesting project in the newspapers and am glad to know that it has taken definite shape and will be pushed to an early completion. It seems to me every patriotic citizen ought to desire that this great industry should be successfully established in the United States, and yet there seem to be many people who do not receive hospitably the evidence that or present of our ability to find tin in our mines to manufacture it into tin plate.

Very sincerely yours,
BENJAMIN HARRISON.

FOUND A TIN MINE IN CALIFORNIA.

Why a Strong Democrat Became a Strong McKinleyite.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 31.—From advices just received from Caliente it is learned that a new tin mine has just been discovered at Kerneville, in Kern county, about forty miles off the railroad, by William Walker. Much excitement has been caused in the neighborhood over the find, and Walker, who has been a staunch Democrat, has joined the McKinley ranks as a result.

ALMOST DESTROYED.

A Blaze in North Baltimore Wipes Out a Large Number of Valuable Business Blocks.

NORTH BALTIMORE, O., Oct. 31.—(Special.)—The most disastrous fire that has ever visited this place commenced at 10:30 last night. The fire started in a small frame building in the rear of Tarr & Coleman's meat market and spread with fearful rapidity, despite the herculean efforts of the fire department to extinguish it.

Everything on the north side of the B. & O. was swept out of existence as far as Henry's opera house on the west side, and from the railroad to Broadway on the east side. The best of those burned out are Clark's drug and furniture store, Jarecki supply store, Hotel Burke, Pefher's saloon, Laimfroni's clothing store, Demith & Bamhill's saloon on the east side, and the postoffice, seven saloons, Arnold's harness shop, city bakery, Carmack's drug store, People's Banking Co., Katzenmeyer's grocery, Reinhart's grocery and Gibson's hardware store.

The loss, at rough estimate, cannot fall far short of $300,000. The report that a family was burned to death is not confirmed.

LEGAL HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

Warrants for Lottery Officials Will Not be Executed Right Away.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 31.—On Wednesday evening it was announced through these dispatches that James L. Herwig and M. F. Arnault, clerks of the Louisiana Lottery company, had been summoned to St. Louis by the United States grand jury. It was subsequently denied by United States District Attorney Reynolds, of St. Louis, that warrants had been issued for their arrest.

Postoffice Inspector Irving W. Fisher stated to an Associated Press reporter today that Messrs. Herwig and Arnault left for St. Louis yesterday, and adds that there was no force used, as the gentlemen expressed their willingness to comply. Warrants have also been received at the office of the United States marshal for the arrest of J. A. Morris, Paul Conrad, J. P. Horner, C. J. Hyams, A. T. Howard, J. L. Herwig, J. D. Labarre, L. D. Arnoult, J. E. Brentlatour, P. A. Fazende, A. J. Bachemine, W. Walton, P. Vorhees and L. Roche, all of whom were charged by affidavits made in South Dakota with sending lottery matter through the mails.

Deputy Marshal Boerler said to a reporter to-day that the warrants will not be executed for the present. There is a legal hitch in the way which will have to be smoothed over before the process can be carried out according to law. It is believed that the gentlemen named will be ready to respond when the proper time comes.

A dispatch from Nomlan says that the Lugar expedition has severely defeated the rebel Arabs of Uganda and Unyoro. This victory is regarded as a serious blow to the slave trade.

JAPAN EARTHQUAKE.

The Cities of Hiogo and Osaka Shaken by Seismic Disturbance and Many Buildings Completely Wrecked.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Dispatches were received here last evening from Japan, announcing that telegraph wires beyond Hiogo and Osaka were down. It was added that there had been an earthquake at Hiogo, and the rumor was current that a great amount of property had been destroyed, and that the loss of life had been considerable.

Hiogo is a seaport town of Japan, on the island of Hondo, and is situated about 22 miles by rail from Osaka and is adjacent to Kobe. It is lighted with gas, and has a number of fine public buildings, including a town hall, a government house and government machine shops. The seaport referred to has an extensive foreign and coastwise trade, and a population in 1884, of about 40,000 souls.

Osaka is also on the island of Hondo and on the sea, 37 miles southwest of Kisto, to which place, as well as to Hiogo and Kobe, railways have been built. Osaka has a large foreign trade, arsenals, a great castle, machine shops, a city hall, a mint, a college and an academy, and is traversed by canals, over which are more than 1,100 bridge, some of them of iron. This city has many theaters and other places of amusement, and it has also 1,900 places of worship. In point of size it is the third or fourth city in Japan, but in social affairs, fashion, commerce and industry it takes the first rank. Osaka has five newspapers, hundreds of schools and a population, according to the census of 1884, of about 330,000.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—A private dispatch received here from Japan says that the loss of life by the recent earthquake, which shook the island of Hondo and other places, is estimated to be very great. Over two thousand persons were killed and about eighteen thousand houses were destroyed in the province of Nagaya, on the island of Hondo, the capital of which is Nagaya, a city of 130,000 inhabitants.

In addition to the foregoing, 5,000 houses were destroyed and 5,000 persons were killed by the earthquake at Gifu. The towns of Kano and Kasamatsu are also reported to have been destroyed, together with 50 miles of railroad.

It is presumed that the fire which started among the wrecked buildings at Nagaya, as already cabled, may have had a great deal to do with the great loss of life, which is announced by the private message mentioned. As the loss of life at Kano and at Kasamatsu is not mentioned, and as these towns are said to have been destroyed, it is estimated here that the total loss of life may eventually be shown to be over 10,000

Additional advices confirms the news that there have been many wrecks about the island of Hondo, as one of the consequences of the terrible disturbance. The severance of telegraphic communication with the death-visited districts continues to prevent accurate details being gathered as to the extent of the calamity.

ENGLISH CAPITALISTS ALARMED.

They Don't Want to See War Between America and Chili.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The news of the critical relations between the United States and Chili has excited lively interest here, especially in circles interested in South American trade. As English capital virtually controls the nitrate deposits, and is established in that control more firmly than ever by the result of the war, there is a general desire on the part of those interested for peace.

War between the United States and Chili would mean, sooner or later, a blockade of Chilian ports and would interfere with the foreign trade. The English nitrate princes, of whom Colonel North is the chief, do not object to the Chilians hating the Americans and boycotting American trade, but they do object to a war that would interfere with English trade. It is thought probable that English influence will be used to induce the Chilians to give satisfaction to the Americans.

Driving Hebrews from Turkey.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 31.—The Porte is enforcing the recent decree prohibiting Jewish families from entering Turkey.

Two steamers, each having on board eighty families of Russian Jews seeking refuge from persecution, were refused permission to disembark here.

Advices from Yezd, Persia, describe cruel persecutions of the Babi sect. The government is said to be bent upon exterminating the Babi sect, and the governor of the province of Yezd, who is a grandson of the shah, had seven of the sect strangled or beheaded. In addition many are rotting in the prisons, and many have fled to the deserts, probably to die there of starvation.

WILHELM'S CRUSADE.

Measures to be Formulated That Will Do Away With the All-Corrupting Social Evil to a Large Extent.

BERLIN, Nov. 2.—Following up the recent rescript, the emperor has instructed the minister of justice to prepare a report on the laws relating to the social evil and to formulate measures for the extension of the supervision of prostitutes and of the houses frequented by them. In the meantime the police are going beyond the law in order to act in accordance with the rescript in clearing the streets of women and their "bullies," the genus known in France as "Alphonse," and here as "Ludwige." These "Ludwige," who are accustomed to pervade the Friedrich strasse saloons and concert halls, did

An Active Midnight Trade.

From the Brandenburg gate along Unter Den Linden, away beyond the Schloss, recently swarmed with these abandoned classes, but they have now nearly vanished, a number having been arrested and many others having slunk to their dens to await the passing of the moral hurricane raised by the emperor. Pastor Stoecker's memorable estimate, which placed the number of unfortunates in Berlin at 50,000, and which was questioned when it was first announced, is now considered too low. Add to the number which Pastor Stoecker thought to form the demi-monde of Berlin, the bands of "Ludwige" and other retainers of vice, numbering probably another 50,000, and there is seen a great satanic army, incessantly warring upon society. The criminal code is insufficient for dealing with them, though prescribing punishment for those drawing subsistence from the prostitution of others, the law can be paralyzed by the baldest proof that the accused exercises nominally or intermittently some trade. The press in its criticism of the imperial edict approves of the spirit prompting it, though, at the same time, questioning the wisdom of the emperor in using the unconstitutional methods of interference. His advice that barristers

Should Refuse to Defend Immoral Cases,

and his suggestion that the public be excluded from court during the trial of such cases are especially assailed as distinct backward steps in legal procedure, tending to imperil the pure administration of the law.

The outcome of the agitation will, it is expected, be the introduction into parliament of severely repressive measures, including flogging and extending terms of imprisonment at hard labor.

FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAIT and at the same time without cost to many new customers, we have decided to make a limited number of first-class Crayon Portraits, size 16x20 inches, free of charge, to introduce our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. These will be executed by the best artists in the country, and are guaranteed to be perfect likenesses and first-class in every particular. We make no charge whatever for the picture, not even for postage or packing, nor are you under any obligation to buy anything from us at any time. Address all letters to THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New Grand Opera House, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will furnish duplicate pictures at reasonable prices. This offer is bona fide and we mean exactly what we say. Write us at once.

WEAK, NERVOUS MEN.

YOU who have been humbugged by the "Electric Belts," "Follow Suffers," "Belts," "Cures," "Lectures," "Vacuum," "Free Cure Quacks," PERFECT and who have found yourself growing older and worse; YOU *doomed, there is no hope for you!* to you I say, who are sinking into an early grave, or drinking up a fortune in search of sickness and misfortune, RELIEF! there is MANHOOD Hope! There is a Cure! Write me a full history of your case, and send for Question Lists. My resources are boundless, my skill is great. I have cured thousands. Forty years' experience is valuable. If you need treatment write me before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation personally or by mail, free. Medicines sent everywhere, no matter where you are. A friendly letter may aid and direct you to Health. Address RESTORED

ESTABLISHED 1857. F. D. CLARKE, 186 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

500 Crystal Glass Water Sets Free

Splendid Premium Offers—Look for Water.

WE want the address of 500,000 families for the purpose of sending FREE. Goods, to accomplish this we make you this Grand Offer. To every person telling us the place in the Bible where the word water is first found, 1Gen. 1, 2, and what fruit, 1Gen. 2, 9, is named, we will send a handsome Parlor Organ, valued at $125.00, absolutely free. To the next three we will send each a Solid Gold Watch, valued at $50.00, and to three more their choice of the next twenty-four Elegant Gold Hunting Case 18k Gold Plated Watches, ladies or gents' size, each of the next five hundred will receive one of our beautiful Crystal Glass Water Sets, the next five hundred two persons will receive a hand-some Dress Pattern, and the next fifty will receive a gold watch, valued at $25.00, with privilege if you are not satisfied to return it to us. To those families, for which we will send you our Assorted Complete Sample Case of Goods, which are valued at $20.00, the next 129 orders for which there is a constant demand at cash prices. We will also send our Assorted Sample Case of Goods, with privilege to return if you are not satisfied, to every ordinary intelligence to win a fortune write at once and get the reward address Kirtland Bros. & Co., 62 Fulton St., N. Y. FREE.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

AN AMERICAN EDITION OF THE

FAMILY HERALD

With the November number, the proprietors of this old established Family Magazine began the publication of an American edition at the extremely low price of

15 Cents a Monthly, $1.75 Yearly.

No. 1, NOW READY, contains the opening chapters of two

NEW STORIES OF ABSORBING INTEREST;

also several complete stories, together with much useful and entertaining miscellaneous matter of great value to every household, forming one of the

MOST ATTRACTIVE AND LOW PRICED Family Magazines ever published. Price, 15 cents. For sale by all book and news dealers. THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., NEW YORK.

IMPROVED ROCKER WASHER

No Washer ever sold has given such universal satisfaction. It will wash more rapidly, do the work more thoroughly and with less labor than any washer ever made. AGENTS have found it the best seller on the market.

For prices and terms to Agents, write ROCKER WASHER CO., FORT WAYNE, IND.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to Club THE BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

	Their Price.	With Blade.
WEEKLIES.		
Harper's Bazar	$4 00	$4 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 00
Scientific American	3 00	3 50
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 50
Chicago Advance	3 00	3 50
Am. Sun Journal	3 00	3 50
Demorest's Family Journal	2 00	2 50
Rural New Yorker	2 50	2 50
MONTHLIES.		
White Awake	3 00	3 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 35
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 35
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 35
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 35
Arthur's Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 50
Brainard's Musical World	2 50	3 00
Lippincott's Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	4 00	4 50
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 50
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 50
The Century	4 00	4 50
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 50

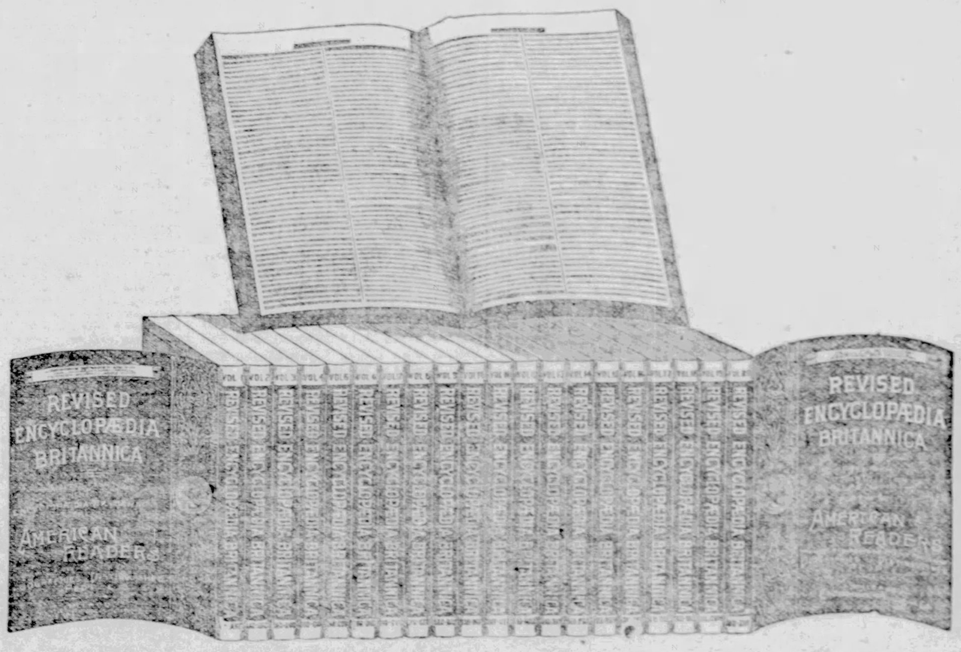
The publishers say that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to THE BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They must not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO

A MARVELOUS OFFER!

The Toledo Weekly Blade and Revised Encyclopedia Britannica,

ONLY $7.50.



20 Large Octavo Volumes, 7,000 Pages, 14,000 Columns, 8,000,000 Words and 96 Maps, Printed in Colors.

The Best, Cheapest, Completest and Latest Revised Encyclopedia. Containing the History of Every Country in the World. Everything about Art, Science, Literature, Mechanics, Inventions, &c., &c. New Articles of Importance to Americans. And about 4,000 Biographies of the Celebrities of the World that Cannot be Found in the English Edition.

But a few years ago a complete edition of Encyclopedia Britanica cost nearly two hundred dollars. None but the rich could afford it. Now we offer a later, better and more complete edition, with the WEEKLY BLADE one year, for only seven dollars and fifty cents. The binding is not Turkey or Sheep, but the paper and print are exactly the same as the most expensive edition. Each volume is bound in strong manilla, and will stand years of constant usage. The entire set is sent by mail, it makes a large heavy package, but we pay the postage.

OUR MARVELOUS OFFERS.

OFFER No. 1.—We will send to everyone subscribing to the WEEKLY BLADE this magnificent set of books and the paper for one year for SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS. Present subscribers will have their paper continued one year from expiration of their present subscription. The books will be delivered to any address in the United States free of charge. This will afford all who may be desirous of making presents to distant friends or relatives, an opportunity to do so.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one sending us a club (all at one time), of twenty subscribers for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and $30, we will send a complete set of the Encyclopedia. This affords teachers and others an excellent opportunity to obtain the work without

BLAINE WILL HELP.

The Secretary Will Utilize the State Department to Show American Merchants How to Profit by Reciprocity.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—If any one supposes that reciprocity is a mere sentiment with Mr. Blaine, the answer is found in what was done at the State department Monday. Reciprocity with the secretary means something more than the form of a treaty. To every diplomatic and consular representative of the United States there will shortly go instructions, the draft of which is given below. Mr. Blaine proposes to utilize his department to the utmost to show the merchants and manufacturers of this country just how they may take the fullest possible advantage of the reciprocity agreements.

It is conceded that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of extending the export trade of the United States on this hemisphere is the inability of our merchants and commission men to obtain in this country certain classes of goods that are manufactured in Europe, especially for the markets of Central and South America. The manufacturers of Europe, by a close study of the wants and tastes of the people, and by long experience, have become familiar with the peculiarities of a trade that has never been cultivated by the manufacturers of the United States, who have been absorbed in the demands of domestic market in which the conditions are essentially different. In order to furnish those who desire to manufacture merchandise for the export trade with the information necessary to enable them to compete with their European rivals, it is proposed to include the exhibit of the department of state at the World's Fair Columbian exposition, a practical illustration of the requirements of the consumers in Mexico, Central and South America and the West Indies. The aid of the diplomatic and consular offices of the United States is desired to make this illustration complete and effective.

Then follow explicit directions to all diplomatic and consular officers to prepare a detailed report, setting forth in what respect the manufacturers of this country fail to comply with the demands of the consumers, and in what respect the manufacturers of Europe excel them in complying with the wants, tastes and peculiarities of the people in preparing and decorating their merchandise and packing it for transportation. A long list of the various articles of manufacture on which this kind of report is desired follows. The instructions to diplomatic and consular representatives in the Central and South American countries are to study the market, the desires of consumers, prices, and everything in fact that will afford the American manufacturer a knowledge of the new field of trade. The instructions to the representatives in Great Britain and Europe are slightly different. Those representatives are to make a thorough investigation of the special manufactures for the Central and South American trade. They are to find out the first cost of manufacture, the cost of transportation and the margin of profit if possible. The instructions go on to say:

Each class of articles should be treated separately and in detail, and in such manner that the manufacturer of the United States can understand what is necessary for him to do in order to meet the popular demand and produce exactly what is wanted, and the reason for such a demand should be distinctly stated. You will be good enough, also, to ascertain, so far as possible, from reliable merchants, what prices are paid for each class of merchandise in the European market and the cost of transportation to the place of sale. If there are any peculiar conditions in the trade of your district, that must be taken into consideration. They should be explained. It would be well, also, to forward with your report samples of cotton goods and other fabrics if they can be obtained, and practical illustrations of the manner in which the most popular articles are put up in the markets. These reports will be printed in large editions for distribution to the public at the Exposition.

It is not necessary to say anything by way of comment upon this plan for promoting the trade between the countries south. This idea speaks for itself. These instructions will go to a thousand official representatives of the United States; they will reach every part of Central and South America and bring elaborate replies. They will put a special investigator at work in every manufacturing and trade center of any consequence in the Old World. In twelve months more Mr. Blaine will have done for the American manufacturers what they would have been years in learning if left to their own resources.

FINANCES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Recapitulation of the Public Debt Statement for the Month of October.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued yesterday:

INTEREST BEARING DEBT.

	Oct. 31, '91.	Sept. 30, '91.
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$	$ .....
Bonds at 4½ continued at 2 per cent	25,364,500	25,374,500
Bonds at 4 per cent	559,573,150	559,567,100
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	89,070	93,120
Totals	$585,026,720	$585,034,720
Increase	2,000	.....
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	9,209,250	9,127,290
Decrease	2,918,960	.....
Debt bearing no interest	889,074,025	890,183,483
Decrease	1,109,457	.....
Aggregate of interest and non-interest bearing debt	980,309,976	984,335,503
Decrease	4,025,527	.....
Certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury	560,370,410	549,806,748
Increase	10,572,662	.....
Aggregate of debt, including certificates and treasury notes	$1,540,680,386	$1,534,142,251

CASH IN THE TREASURY.

Gold coin	$ 189,615,905	
Bars	74,158,830	$263,774,741
Silver dollars	$ 347,830,067	
Subsidiary coin	19,196,274	
Bars	45,910,249	
Trade dollar bars	1,670,433	$414,610,967
Paper:		
Legal tender notes (old issue)	$ 14,127,020	
Treasury notes of 1890	2,251,780	
Gold certificates	21,790,430	
Silver certificates	2,525,750	
Currency certificates	330,000	
National bank notes	5,758,704	$45,763,780
Other bonds, interest and coupons paid, awaiting reimbursement	$	142,491
Minor coin and fractional currency		854,166
Deposits in national bank depositories, general account		16,047,339
Disbursing officers' balances	4,390,763	20,874,762
Aggregate		$ 740,330,258

DEMAND LIABILITIES.

Gold certificates	$ 156,890,739
Silver certificates	323,665,401
Currency certificates	11,095,000
Treasury notes of 1890	68,725,970—$560,380,410
Fund for redemption of uncurrent national bank notes	$ 5,781,538
Outstanding checks and drafts	3,407,288
Disbursing officers' balances	80,474,843
Agency accounts, etc	4,815,258—$ 40,478,928
Gold reserve	$ 100,000,000
Net cash balance	39,671,920—$ 139,671,920
Aggregate	$ 740,330,258
Cash balance in the treasury, Sept. 30, 1891	$ 144,087,963
Cash balance in the treasury Oct. 31, 1891	139,671,920
Decrease during the month	$ 5,316,048

CAUSE OF THE DISPATCH DISASTER.

Lieut. Cowles makes a Statement Before the Court of Inquiry.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Lieut. Cowles, of the wrecked Dispatch, yesterday read a statement before the court of inquiry that is trying him for the loss of the boat of what happened on board. He said in substance, that the vessel went aground while he was asleep, and that the cause of the disaster was the mistaking by Lieut. Mulligan of the red light at Ossatenque for the winter quarter light. The officers and men of the Dispatch corroborated Lieut. Cowles's statements.

BIG BALANCE IN THE TREASURY.

It is Increasing, Notwithstanding the Steady Redemption of Bonds.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The treasury balance is gradually increasing, notwithstanding the steady redemption of 4½ per cent bonds and the disbursement of over ten million dollars this month on account of pensions. The declared balance to-day is $143,771,051, including the $100,000,000 gold reserve, $15,450,850 subsidiary coin, and $15,538,101 on deposit with national banks.

New Indian Agent Appointed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The President has appointed George D. Day, of Glenwood, Md., agent for the Indians of the Kiowa agency, Oklahoma.

WAS A POLITICAL DEAL.

Geo. Kennan Explains Why Russia was Friendly to the North During the Civil War.

TOPEKA, Kas., Nov. 2.—George Kennan, the Russian traveler, is in this city. He was shown an editorial in which the idea was held out that the Americans cannot afford to treat the czar's government with bitterness on account of the friendliness of Russia to the United States when we needed help during the civil war. This aroused him and he said: "This is a mistaken idea a great many Americans have in regard to the action. It was simply a political deal, and the czar and his advisors showed a great deal of wisdom and foresightedness by it. They saw that the side in that war with the most money and the most men was bound to eventually win. England is Russia's greatest enemy. They saw that England was friendly to the South, and by extending sympathy to the North, which was sure to win, they could spite England and make of the United States a friend to be used to great advantage in the event of war with England. The government of Russia hates republics, and it was the same feeling that led them to show friendliness to us that caused them to be friendly to France. They have a common enemy, Germany, which is dangerous to both countries.

"The people of Russia are in a frightful condition; their crops were a failure, and now, only three months after harvest, they are compelled to eat grass to live. The government, however, is not going to let them die if it can help it. That would leave the nobility without support, and the latest estimate I have seen is that the government will be compelled to appropriate between $90,000,000 and $100,000,000 to feed the starving peasantry where the crops failed."

GRAVES BLOWN UP.

Dead Bodies and Grinning Skeletons Thrown High Into the Air—Monuments Shattered to Pieces.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 8.—News has just reached here from Coraopolis, Penn., between Wheeling and Pittsburg, of a strange and terrible affair which occurred near that place to-day. The report states that the Allegheny Cemetery company, a few months ago, started to bore a gas well on some portion of their newly-acquired property. To-day there was a terrific explosion at the well, which caused a fearful upheaval of the earth in the vicinity. Hundreds of dead bodies and grinning skeletons, coffins and decayed remains in the cemetery were hurled from their resting places and many costly monuments were shattered. The report states that the matter has been hushed up and care taken to prevent the newspapers from getting hold of it. The report comes from a reliable gentleman formerly of Wheeling.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

Senator Quay Rushes the Fight Against His Disreputable Persecutors.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 3.—Senator Quay and his attorney, Rufus Shapley, of Philadelphia, had a consultation at Beaver yesterday, and the result is that Democratic State Chairman Kerr will be arrested on a warrant which is now on its way for the gentleman. The charges in the warrant are those of libel and conspiracy, and the senator asks $100,000 damages for the libel in issuing and having had printed the now famous Bardsley certificate. The state chairman will also be arrested on a criminal charge of conspiracy.

Mr. Shapley stated yesterday that Senator Quay had retained District Attorney D. A. Graham, of Philadelphia, as associate counsel in the case, and that Mr. Kerr would probably be arrested in Philadelphia. He added that the cases were to be rigidly pushed, and that other suits would likely follow.

The Hearing at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 3.—The hearing in Senator Quay's criminal libel suit against Albert J. Barr, president, and James Mills, editor of the Pittsburg *Post*, for the publication of the Bardsley certificate of deposit and editorial comments thereon, was held before Alderman McMasters Saturday afternoon. The small office was crowded to suffocation. The alderman held the defendants for trial at the December term of court in $1,000 each. Bondsmen were at once secured and the hearing adjourned. Counsel for Mr. Quay stated that the civil suit against the *Post* for $100,000 damages would not be entered before Monday.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS INVOLVED.

The Holdings of an English Company Attached in the West.

DULUTH, Minn., Nov. 2.—The Iron & Land company, of Minnesota, limited, has a legal fight on its hands that threatens to swallow the corporation. The fight is practically a family one, and is one of such proportions that about $1,000,000 is involved in the controversy.

The stockholders in the company are principally Englishmen. The company has secured a vast area of valuable mineral lands. In addition to the capital stock there were issued by the corporation a large number of debentures to raise money to further the landed investments. These debentures were to some extent at least given to persons in America. The holders of some of these debentures got wind of a plan on foot among the Englishmen of the corporation to look after their individual interests in a way that is thought to be amicable to the holders of interests in Minnesota. As a result a number of actions have been commenced against the corporation, setting up their claims, and attachments have been levied, the defendant being a foreign corporation.

Albert Scheffer, of St. Paul, claims 2,400 of the debentures, valued at $663,000. James W. Wright owns 200 debentures, valued at $50,000. Percival Flower and John M. Power own fifty-four debentures valued at $14,500, upon which they have attached. Other attachment are probable by others.

APPLICATIONS FOR EVERY ONE.

A Great Rush for the Valuable Pine Lands in Wisconsin.

ASHLAND, Wis., Nov. 3.—Every acre of the $2,000,000 worth of pine lands, the Omaha indemnity limit, which was thrown open to settlement at the United States land office yesterday, has been filed upon, and in a great many instances filed upon several times. The land officials will not have an opportunity of telling how many duplicate filings have have been made for several days.

A crowd of liners watched the land office all night, and when the door was opened at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, made a rush for it. It was as exciting as that of last spring, but the officials were fully prepared for it. Several government agents were present, and the filing was conducted at the rate of one every minute all day. The line was composed of both sexes, old and young, nearly crazed with excitement and suffering before the doors were thrown open. A special train arrived in the afternoon with a crowd of settlers who had been living on the lands in question for some time, or had recently squatted upon them. They made their applications without serious difficulty. Two hundred and fifty applications were made by mail, and many more personal applications were made.

STRUCK GOLD AT KANSAS CITY.

Pay Dirt Said to Have Been Found Under the Missouri River.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 3.—The city officials were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement Saturday by the discovery of gold in the samples of the strata pierced by the drilling for the waterworks tunnel under the Missouri river.

Carl Weuntrock, formerly connected with the Kansas City Humboldt Mining company, which controls mining properties in Colorado, now chief draughtsman under City Engineer Butts, has been clarifying the various samples of the strata sent in by Thomas Wright, the contracting drill man. Being a practical mining engineer, Weuntrock's attention was attracted by shining particles in the bottles containing the samples, and on examination, under a powerful glass, he became convinced that two specimens of the strata contain free gold in sufficient quantities to make the mining of it profitable.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

A CANADIAN CRISIS.

Following the Resignation of Mr. Chapleau — Great Excitement Throughout the Dominion.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 29.—The resignation of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, secretary of State, and leader of the French Canadians, continues to create great excitement throughout Canada. Mr. Chapleau spent yesterday in Montreal in consultation with his political supporters. Tremendous efforts are being made to effect a compromise. It is certain, however, that Premier Abbott will not give Chapleau the railroad portfolio and antagonize Ontario, the Protestant province.

It may be assumed, without danger of going very far astray, that Mr. Chapleau's communication to the premier, or ultimatum, as some call it, is based largely on the doctrine that Quebec has been refused or not given the place in the cabinet to which she is entitled. His view seems to be borne out by an article in *Le Canada*, which not only claims the portfolio of railroads as a right for the province of Quebec and turns the question of Mr. Chapleau's portfolio into one of provincial rights, but brings up the race cry as well.

The next point urged in favor of Mr. Chapleau's right to the portfolio of railway is his position as leader of the French Conservatives in Quebec. With respect to this the question is asked, How many does Chapleau lead, and how many members will follow him against the government in the House? In Quebec it is claimed that Mr. Chapleau can control 22 votes in the Dominion House of Commons. A claim put forward on behalf of Mr. Chapleau is that he is called upon to sacrifice himself to party exigencies; in other words, to give up the portfolio to which he is en-

IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENCE.

Two-thirds of the People in Quebec Want Autonomy.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—A special dispatch from Montreal, Que., says: A strong feeling in favor of independence is growing in Quebec, and it can safely be said that at least two-thirds of the people are favorable to it.

There was a time when such sentiments as are being openly expressed at present would have been met with the cry of traitor. That time is past. Not only a French press advocates it, but a respectable portion of the English press have also lately come out in support of it. The people are getting dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, which is by no means encouraging. Again, in Ontario, annexation meetings are being held in different parts weekly, and Col. White, Conservative member of Parliament, is about starting an annexionist organ. *Le National*, a Quebec government organ comes out with a strong article in favor of independence. It says the efforts of Sir Charles Tupper to sell the French Canadians to the English people, with the only object of gorging the Canadian Pacific railroad and the adjournment of the reciprocity conference, are sure indications that Canada is no more a country, but a field of operation for all the monopolists and organizers of English plunderings. The article gets a slap at the governor general and goes on to say that the only reason for forcing us to exchange our products with Australia is to justify the Canadian Pacific in opening new lines of steamers and obtaining contracts at exorbitant prices for the carriage of mails and British troops.

SEALING MEN ARE BLUE.

The Market For Skins Is Over stocked and the Price Has Gone Way Down.

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 28.—Sealing men are very blue over the condition of the market for sealskins. Fall seal sales at London, which determine the prices for the year, were held Monday and instead of sealskins being in strong demand at high figures the market proved to be overstocked and purchasers considered 60 shillings excessive. The ruling quotation was 57 shillings, or about $13. Eighteen dollars was the standard price last year, and owing to the closing of Bering sea, and consequently light catch, those interested in sealing have been expecting that the price would be at least $20.

When the report of the sale was received, expressions of disappointment were loud. The loss to all in any way connected with sealing will be heavy, and to not a few, the low prices will mean financial embarrassment. There is little speculation in skins now, and those who have made a careful study of the situation predict that next year a further drop may be looked for.

Buyers here have calculated upon the curtailed catch as the result of the *Modus Vivendi* and have been accepting all skins offered on the arrival of schooners, giving advance of $14.50, $15, and even as high as $17 a skin. This necessitates a refund in nearly every case and it is a certainty that this season every schooner that secured less than 1,000 skins has lost money. The low prices in London can only be accounted for in one way. The reports of the large number of seals met with in Bering sea this season reached the principal buyers and caused them to anticipate unusually large catches, such as would have undoubtedly have been made had not the *Modus Vivendi* prevented the sealers from availing themselves of the good things in sight.

TIM HEALY THRASHED.

Parnell's Implacable Enemy Publicly Horsewhipped in the Crowded Streets of Dublin.

DUBLIN, Nov. 3.—Mr. McDermott, nephew of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, to-day publicly horsewhipped Timothy Healy, M. P., the most bitter of the anti-Parnell leaders. The horsewhipping received by Healy was the indirect outcome of the language used by him at Longford on Sunday last, when the anti-Parnell referred to Miss Parnell and to the widow of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. The details of the assault are as follows: McDermott caught Healy by the throat the moment he met him at the Four Courts in this city, and then in the presence of a number of persons he thrashed Healy about the shoulders and body until the latter was rescued by the police.

Healy, when his assailant had been taken into custody, declined to make a charge against him and so Mr. McDermott was released and went his way, surrounded by a number of sympathizers.

Separate Schools in Manitoba.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 29.—The Supreme court judges yesterday gave judgment in the appeal against the act of the Manitoba legislature establishing separate schools. They unanimously condemn the act as being ultra vires, and assert the rights of Catholics to have their children educated in separate schools. The Manitoba government will appeal.

Prairie Fires Extinguished.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 2.—A special from Sapulpa, I. T., says: The late drought through this section of the territory was broken by a rain beginning at midnight last night and still continuing at the time of writing. Most of the last prairie fires that have been raging across this (the Creek and the Cherokee) country, have been extinguished by the downfall. It is most thankfully received by the stock owners, as not only was the water supply growing very scant, but the entire winter range, as well as the hay in stacks, stood in danger of being consumed by the flames.

MARRIED HER BROTHER.

Unholy Artifice of German Immigrants to Gain Admission to the United States.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Among the immigrants landed at the barge office yesterday from the Hamburg-American steamer Fuerst Bismarck, which reached this port Saturday, was a German family named Muller. There was the mother, her son John, 26 years old, and daughter Marguerite, aged 22, besides a son-in-law and his two children. The daughter was seen to be in an interesting condition and evidently quite near to the culmination of her trouble. When questioned by the bureau officials she indicated that her brother John was the responsible person. At this time the attaches of the barge office had no knowledge of the relationship existing between the pair and they were held, the remainder of the family being permitted to go ashore. Marguerite was told that unless she and her betrayer were married they would both be sent back to their German home. She responded at once that she was quite willing to take him for her husband, and he in turn expressed equal willingness to make Marguerite his wife. So an official escorted them to Pastor Kyle's residence and they were made husband and wife. After the ceremony it was found that the mother had their railroad ticket for Elgin, Ill., and search was made for her. She was found at the emigrant mission house and was told that her daughter was married and at liberty to accompany her on her journey. The mother expressed much astonishment and demanded to know whom her daughter had married. On being told she threw up her hands and shrieked in horror. "Why, that is my son; they are brother and sister."

The scene that followed beggars description. Upbraidings and recriminations by mother and daughter followed, while the son, brother and husband John —who had entered the room, looked on with stolid indifference. The girl persisted in her statement that John was the father of her unborn child, while the mother protested that a soldier stationed in Mecklinberg, Germany, was the author of the trouble. The brother would make no statement, neither admitting nor denying the charge. The mother succeeded in exciting belief in her story of the German soldier, and the conclusion was reached that the girl had implicated her brother in order to secure their release from the barge office. Brother and sister were remanded to the detention room pending further investigation.

BIG FAILURE.

The Maverick National Forced to the Wall by a Recent Defalcation—Depositors Said to be Protected.

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—The Maverick National bank suspended payment this morning. The decision to close its doors was reached after a protracted conference of the clearing house committee of Boston national banks on Sunday morning. It is stated positively that the failure will not cause any widespread financial loss. The gross deposits amount to about $8,000,000. The last week more than $1,700,000 was withdrawn. Treasurer Marden withdrew $90,000 of the Commonwealth's money on deposit there. Other trust moneys were also taken out.

The situation was fully realized by Mr. Potter and his associates. They met it manfully with the resources at their command, but the pressure became too much. The immediate cause of the bank's suspension was the suicide of Irving Evans. The loss caused the bank by its dealings with Evans was not large enough to seriously injure it, being not more than $200,000, but the talk of the street made the bank's loss far more. The stories included ugly rumors about the president of the bank and his relations with Evans. The facts of the matter in no sense discredit President Potter. More than a month ago some of the principal depositors withdrew their accounts from the bank. A reporter talked with Mr. Potter about the failure, but he would say very little. He said he had no idea the bank would close until 1 o'clock yesterday morning. He said no other institution would be imperilled and that he would make a personal assignment, although confident of the bank's solvency. Later he decided to make Thomas Hart and Henry D. Hart his assignees. Col. J. S. French, a director, of the bank, will also make an assignment. It is believed his affairs will also prove to be solvent. His assignees have not yet been named. It is stated that the bank examiner, John W. Magruder, who has been investigating the affairs of the bank, reported to Washington that the bank was insolvent.

Potter is the head and front of the Democratic party here. The receiver will doubtless be Hon. W. W. Crapo, who was defeated by Col. Allen for the Republican nomination for governor. The bank did a big exchange and investment business, more so than being one of deposit. The bank had funds there, the Boston *Globe* company had, and the city fire department some $5,000.

AT BRICEVILLE.

A Stockade Attacked and Burned and Over One Hundred and Fifty Prisoners Allowed to Go Free.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 31.—One hundred and fifty convicts were released at Briceville, last night, and an immense stockade was burned. A battle also took place between guards and miners.

The stockade was attacked from all sides. The magazine was blown up, the stockade demolished and the convicts released. They volunteered to assist their liberators in an attack on the Chumless stockade at Thistle Switch, near Coal Creek. The guards at Chumless had been apprised and were prepared against surprise. Bonfires had been placed around the stockade and continuous firing was kept up. The telegraph office at Coal Creek is in possession of the miners and no news is obtainable.

Governor Buchanan has been officially notified. The attack was made on the Briceville stockade, six miles from Coal Creek. The casualties are unknown.

The Convicts are at Large.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 31. — The guards who have been in charge of the stockades at Briceville have just arrived. The stockade at that place was burned as reported last night. That at Coal Creek belonging to the Knoxville Iron company was not burned, but the convicts employed in it were released and all are at large. The arms of the guards were all captured with trifling exceptions. No resistance was made and consequently no bloodshed. Miners who effected the release seemed to have acted with the greatest secresy, showing a perfect organization. There were no outward indications of immediate action and people were beginning to believe that the matter would be left to the courts for settlement.

The act of the miners seems to be a surprise to the citizens in the vicinity of Briceville. Those who in defiance of law release the convicts, repaired to the stockades soon after dark, gave their orders and the work was done. All is quiet at the mines this morning and no immediate trouble need be anticipated.

Sitting Bull's Cabin.

MANDAN, N. D., Nov. 2.—Persons living here have just secured possession of the cabin in which Sitting Bull spent the last years of his life, and in which he was killed last winter. It is their intention to take it to the World's Fair and exhibit it. World's Fair Commissioner P. B. Wickham, of this county, says that the men who have the cabin paid for it $1,000, a two-year-old steer, and two silk dress patterns.

A GRACEFUL HULL.

Successful Launching of the Steel Cruiser Detroit—Description of the New Boat.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 29.—The United States steel cruiser No. 10 was launched yesterday afternoon. In pursuance to the order of Secretary Tracy, of the navy, the boat was christened Detroit by her sponsor, Miss Florence N. Malster, the four-and-a-half-year old daughter of the president of the company which is building the cruiser. The ceremony of putting the boat overboard was attended with success, the Detroit's birth being witnessed by 3,000 persons, including spectators on land and water. The launching hour was set for 3 o'clock, but tide not serving, the baptismal ceremonies did not come off until half an hour afterward.

Cruiser No. 10.

Cruiser No. 10, as the Detroit has generally been designated, is one of the triplets, two of which are being built at Baltimore and the third at Boston. They are known as the 2,000-ton cruisers, and are a size larger than the Yorktown class. They are also to be of a much higher speed, as their machinery is to develop 5,400 horse power, 2,000 more than was calculated for the Concord and Bennington, and should drive them at the rate of eighteen knots per hour. Their length is 257 feet, beam 37 feet, draught 14½ feet; rig two masted schooner, spreading 6,289 square feet of canvas. The normal coal supply for ordinary purpose is 200 tons, but the bunker arrangement is such that 435 tons can be carried, which will not only add greatly to her ability to keep out an enemy's projectiles, but will admit of her steaming almost ten thousand miles at a speed of 18 knots per hour. The armament is eight 4-inch and two 6-inch rapid fire breech loading rifles, the first of the type that have been designed. The larger caliber guns are mounted on central pivoted carriages, one forward and the other aft; the smaller 36-pounders are in sponsons, four on each side. The secondary battery is composed of ten rapid fire 6 and 3-pounders and revolving cannon. Six torpedoes are fitted, but the type of torpedo to be used has not yet been decided. The motive power is furnished by two triple expansion engines of the vertical, inverted cylinder, direct action type, built to make 185 revolutions per minute. Commander Willard H. Bronson has recently been ordered to supervise the construction of the Detroit with the view of being her first commanding officer when she is in commission for sea service.

CAUGHT TWELVE.

Briceville Escaped Convicts Are Captured in the Mountains of Tennessee.

SOMERSET, Nov. 3.—William Bates, a local detective, and John Anderson, chief of police of this place, yesterday captured twelve of the escaped convicts from the Briceville and Coal Creek (Tenn.) mines.

Local authorities have been on the lookout yesterday and to-day, expecting to hear of escaped convicts, as it is only some seventy miles from here to the Briceville mines. There were eleven colored and one white convict in the number that was captured. They were all immediately lodged in the Pulaski county jail. The convicts were all traveling toward the northwest, but at the time of their capture were keeping close to the railroad. The colored convicts in this gang are all from Briceville, while the white man, John Carter, is from the Coal Creek mines. He informed your correspondent that the miners at Coal Creek were advised of their approaching release at 10 o'clock a. m. last Friday and were released at exactly midnight. Bundles of old clothes, said Carter, were brought out and masked men paraded as out two by two and exchanged the stripes for citizens' attire. When questioned as to their treatment, they all joined in saying that their treatment while in the mines was not only brutal but inhuman. Among the gang captured there are two long-sentence men—John Myrick, who is serving twenty years for murder, and Hampton Betts, who is now serving ten years for the same crime. Some seven more convicts were seen east of town today by John Jones, of this place, and there is no doubt but what most of those who have escaped have come toward this place, as those who have been captured say that they all stuck together until they reached Jellico, where they scattered, but most all came west. Messrs. Bates and Anderson will claim the $25 reward offered for each convict, and will return their prisoners at once.

THREE MISSIONARIES MURDERED.

The Natives in New Guinea Positively Refuse to be Christianized.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 3.—Sydney advices state that the English ship Lord of the Isles arrived there with important news from the South Seas. Reports reached New Britain before the Lord of the Isles sailed for Sydney that three missionaries in German New Guinea had been murdered by natives. No particulars were obtained, and the steamer that brought the news to New Britain gave the intelligence as a rumor in circulation at Frederick Wilhelm Haven before she left.

Another white trader has been murdered by blacks on the north coast of New Ireland. The man's name is given as Alexander Gundersen, he was in charge of stores. The natives made a raid on the place, killed Gunderson and set fire to the building.

The magistrate at New Britain had gone to investigate affairs and punish the murderers if possible.

Two of the crew of the schooner Glide were murdered by natives at New Hanover. While trading at New Hanover a boat was sent ashore, but it was seized by the natives and run on a reef. All goods in the boat were looted and two of the crew, both Solomon Islanders, were killed.

Significant Suicide.

JASPER, Tenn., Nov. 3.—Mrs. Davis, wife of one of the convict guards at Inman, where is located one of the largest convict camps in the state, committed suicide yesterday. She blew her brains out with a shotgun. She left a note to her husband, saying that she had rather be dead than to be living with him. There is some mystery about the matter, and it is believed the inhumanity of convict labor bore heavily on her mind.

Prohibition Is Constitutional.

BISMARCK, N. D., Nov. 2.—The Supreme court of the state has handed down a decision in the famous John Haas liquor case. Haas was prosecuted for selling liquor at Fargo. All liquor men joined in the fight on the grounds that the title of the law embraced more than one subject. The court sustains the decision of the lower court, and the law is declared constitutional. This was a test case as to the constitutionality of the prohibition law.

The ravages of cholera in Damascus, Turkey, show an alarming increase. The record for the week past shows 180 cases and 90 deaths. Owing to the prevalence of cholera Hodeida is in nearly as bad a situation as Damascus, but at Aleppo the plague has subsided.

Some ladies of Cork sent to America by the steamship Umbria a wreath made of laurel, ivy, shamrocks and violets from Mr. Parnell's grave. The wreath will be given to Mr. Parnell's mother.

Cuticura Soap

FOR A BAD COMPLEXION, RED ROUGH HANDS AND BABY HUMORS.

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chapped, painful finger ends and shapeless nails and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads and most complexional disfigurations, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sales greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25.

FIELD'S TREASONABLE UTTERANCE.

He Wants the Confederate Flag Unfurled at the World's Fair.

RICHMOND., Va., Oct. 28.—At the annual meeting of the society of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the hall of the house of delegates, speeches were made by Gens. Early, Taliaferro, Rosser and Field. The latter said: "I understand that a Confederate flag cannot be unfurled at the World's Fair. If that is the case, let us never have another World's Fair in this country."

Epidemic in Australia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 30.—Advices from Melbourne state that the epidemic of influenza shows no sign of abating. Nearly every family in the city is afflicted. In one large establishment 50 employes were attacked, and one physician reports 500 cases. Serious reports come from country districts, and deaths are becoming alarmingly numerous.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The tendency of the New York loan market last week was towards lower rates of interest and easier conditions showing that money is in good supply and the amount available increasing. On Thursday the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. The bank has been losing specie heavily for several weeks, not only through shipments to the United States but through the drain of small amounts to Russia, Egypt and other European countries, and this, of course, furnishes the reason for putting up the rate. In spite of that the drift of gold towards the United States continues steadily. Our foreign trade condition, according to the statement of the Bureau of Statistics, for September, shows a net merchandise export of $31,083,901 against a net import of $7,245,635 for the same month one year ago. September of this year must be taken as the first month when the new conditions of trade have to any degree gone into active operation; and the showing given above reflects an absolute revolution in the conditions under which the year's trade movement has begun. We are now accumulating a trade balance in our favor, which must in the end bring us all the gold we need to fortify our currency. Call money in New York loaned at from 5 to 3 per cent during the week, closing Saturday at 2 per cent. For time money the supply was liberal and the inquiry active at 4 per cent for 30 days, 4½ for 60 days, and 5 to 6 per cent for from 5 to 6 months.

STOCKS.—Wall street presents a spectacle of utter stagnation. The general public have withdrawn entirely from the stock market. The only men who are now attempting to deal in stocks are the room traders. The strong undertone to the market continues, and prevents the drop in price which would be inevitable under any other circumstances; but a great many operators of large means and large transactions are quietly waiting for the fall in prices to come which they regard as certain. The influence of the coming elections was depressing, as it always is upon the market, last week; still there does not seem to be in the situation anything to warrant any decided change in the immediate future. The prospect of trouble with Chile is too remote to have any effect upon the market, but the symptoms of a general freight war among the trunk lines of railways will certainly depress prices if it materializes.

SILVER.—The fact is not receiving the attention that it should, that silver bullion has been steadily declining for a long time, and that it has reached now the lowest price of the current year. Notwithstanding the fact that we are purchasing on government account every month a bulk of silver equal to the net output of the American mines, the remarkable fact appears that the price has steadily slumped downward. Then, too, as a result of this, the silver question is disappearing from active politics. It is only in the rural regions, where the people are out of touch with the business world, that the agitation for free silver coinage is still kept up. The heavy return flow of gold from Europe has neutralized the fear that we should not have enough currency, and taken the main argument from those who desired mistakenly that the United States should take a backward step in finance. Bar silver closed at New York on Saturday at 96 cents per ounce, at which rate the amount of silver in the standard dollar is worth 74¼ cents.

BUSINESS GOOD IN THE WEST,

And Improving in the South—No Fear of Lack of Money.

NEW YORK, October 31.—R. G. Dun's weekly review of trade says: The improvement in business continues. It is greater than before at the south, and is clearly perceived even at the east. Yet discouragement in some branches of industry is not less, but more apparent than before, because calculations have been made upon a more rapid and greater increase in the business than has been realized.

The iron industry shows most change. Extreme anxiety to sell pig iron, and financial weakness in unexpected places, produce a depression which is in curious contrast with the abounding confidence which prevails regarding the future. Bar mills find a lack of large orders; plate mills have fair business at the lowest prices ever recorded, and structural iron is irregular and very low.

Wool is somewhat easier. The dress goods market is active and works well employed, though at narrow margins of profit. Cotton mills have increasing business in fancies, but trade in staples is falling off, and buyers urge that lower prices are justified by the decline in raw cotton. Yet the southern demand is better, and trade on the whole fairly good.

Speculation in breadstuffs has advanced prices this week, partly on account of the reported prohibition of the wheat exports from Russia. Receipts at the west have been 8,584,000 bushels in four days, against exports of 1,305,000, and yet the price rises 2c. Without any excuse, speculative manipulation has hoisted corn 5c, but pork products are a shade lower, and cotton declines 1-10, with heavy receipts. Oil has fallen 8c, but cotton is a shade stronger and sugar unchanged.

No fears are entertained of monetary pressure. Throughout the east and west and at many southern points, the money markets are supplied for leaftimate business, and rates tend lower, while collections improve to some extent almost everywhere, especially at the west.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Nov 3, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 2.	Oct. 28.
U. S. 4's registered	126½	126½
U. S. 4's coupons	126½	126½
U. S. 2's	99½	100
Pac. 6's of '95	111	111

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 58,625
Loans, increase	2,371,800
Specie, increase	1,334,800
Legal tenders, decrease	943,300
Deposits, increase	1,798,500
Circulation, increase	12,200

The banks now hold $12,338,525 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

THE MARKETS.

There were no markets from primary points to-day on grain or stocks. The markets of yesterday afternoon to the close of business are given. The grain and stock exchanges have all done no trade on